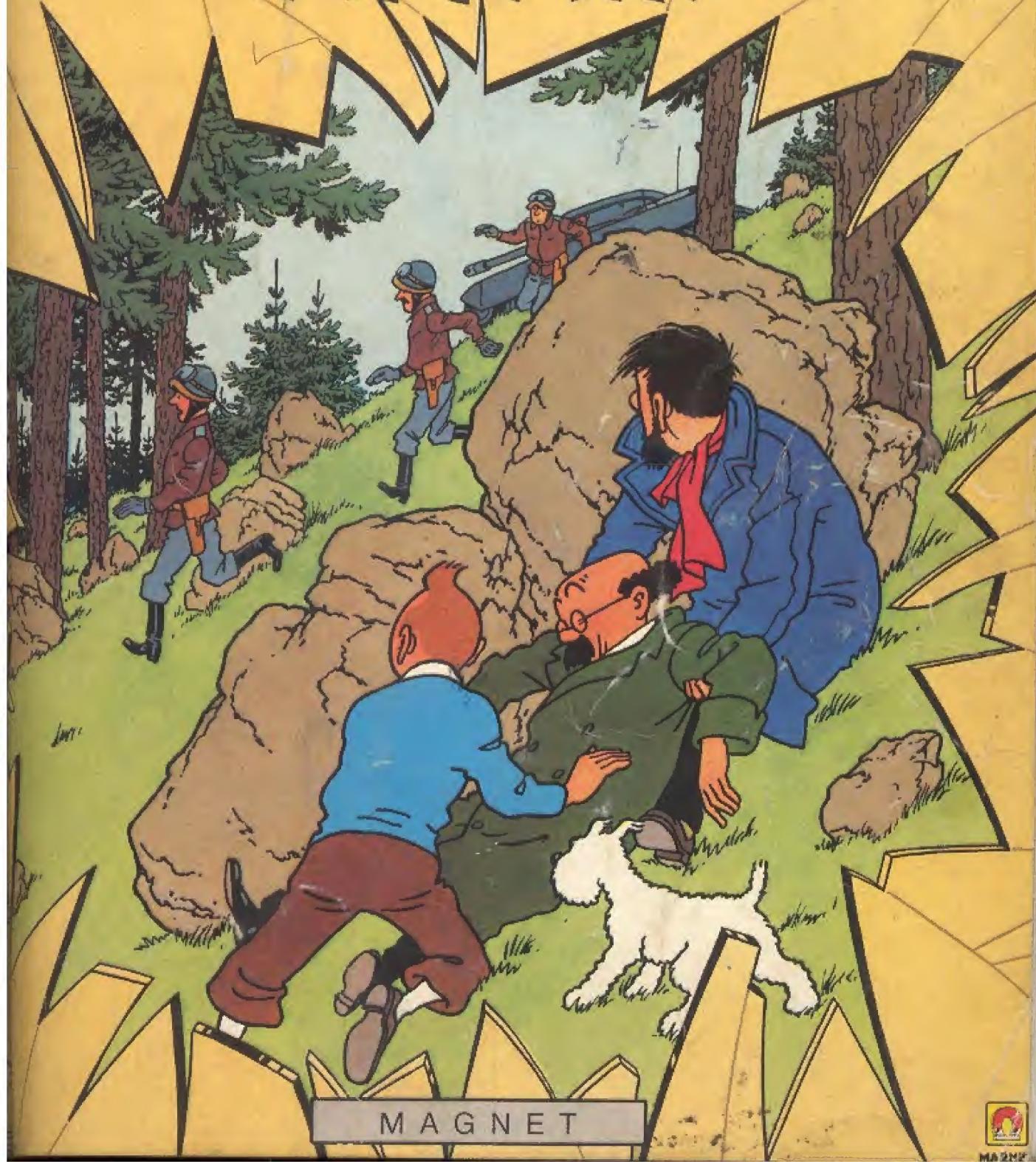


HERGÉ
THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN

THE CALCULUS AFFAIR



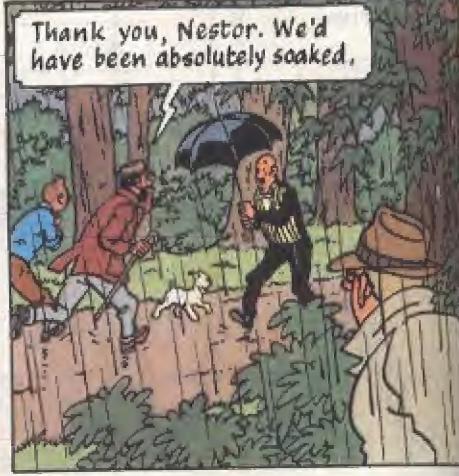
MAGNET

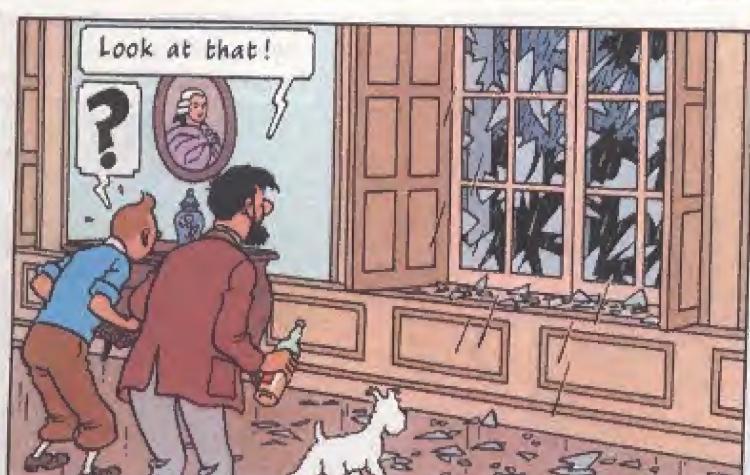
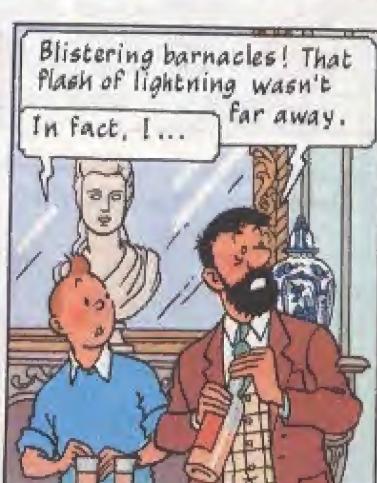


MAGNET

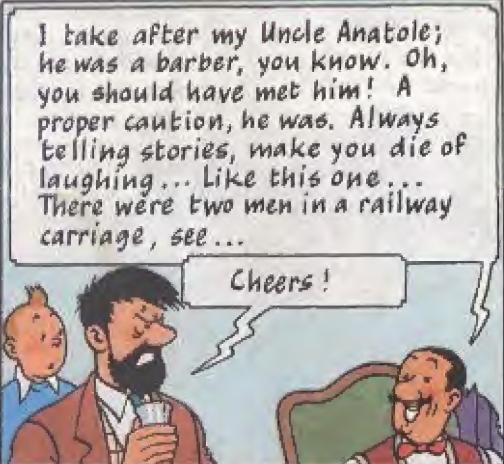
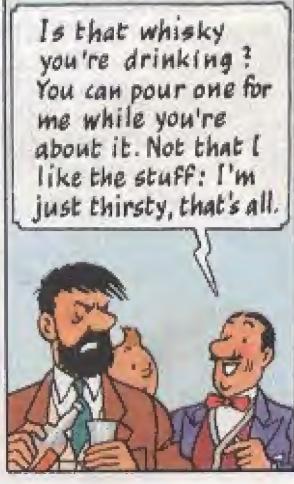
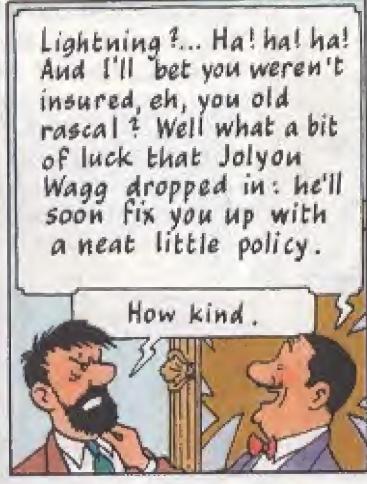
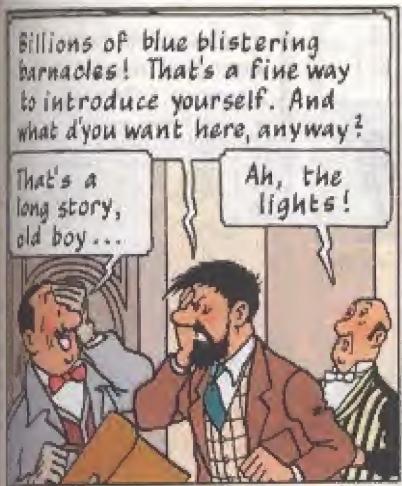
THE CALCULUS AFFAIR











Did... did you see that?... I was just standing, my glass in my hand, and...

Oho! that's fun!

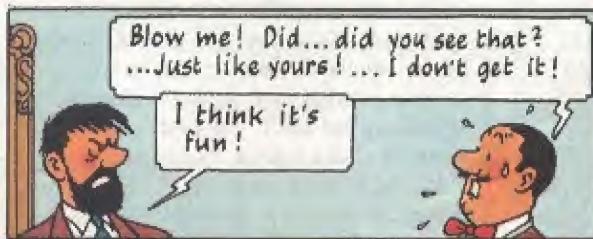


You think that's funny, eh? Is that all you've got to say?

If you could have seen yourself when that glass blew up!
Your face was a scream!



Ha! ha! ha! Reminds me of that story of Uncle Anatole's... Half a mo' while I think of it ... Oh yes. There was this man went into a pub, see, and ordered a pint of beer. He was just going to drink it, when...



I've wasted quite enough time here, anyway. Goodbye!



By the way...er... what about your insurance against lightning?

No thank you, Mr. Wagg.
I'm insured against everything under the sun.



Yes, everything. My life's insured against accident; against hailstones, rain, floods, tidal waves and tornadoes; against cholera, 'flu, and colds in the head; moths, weevils and grasshoppers ... The whole lot! In fact, sir, the only things I'm not insured against are insurance agents!



You old humbug, you! Well, that's all settled. I'll send you a policy... No, better still, I'll bring it myself. That'll give us a chance to have another chinwag together.



'Bye for now!

SLAM



He can go to the devil - him, and his insurance, and his Uncle Anatole!



Calm down, Captain.
Shouldn't we try to solve the mystery of all this broken glass?



You're right.
But still, I...

Listen!
Shots!



BANG

BANG

BANG

They came from outside.



There's someone coming... Oh, it's Professor Calculus, on the way back from his laboratory.



Did you hear those shots?



Professor, just look at your hat! Excuse me...



Look! A bullet has gone right through it!



I can't understand it at all. The moths never used to make such big holes as these.



Quick, Captain. Let's have a look round the park.



Calculus certainly came along this path...



Captain! Snowy's picked up a scent. Come on, let's follow him.



Oh! Look there!



Histering barnacles! Do you think he's...



We must send for the police at once.

You stay here while I go and telephone.



Blistering barnacles, what an evening! What an evening!

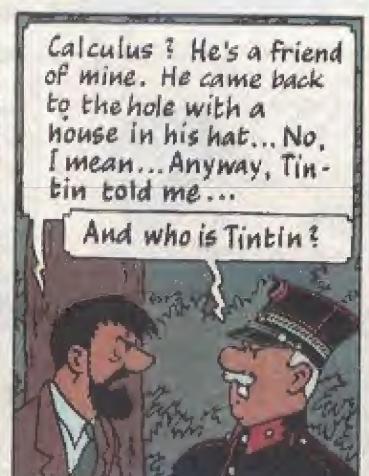
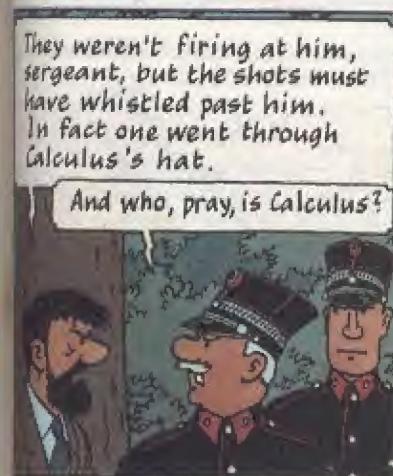
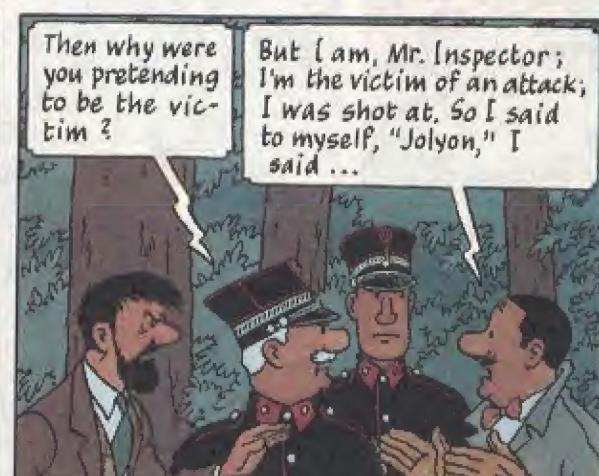
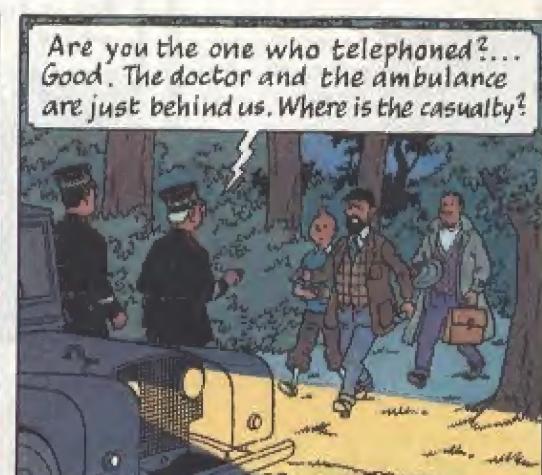
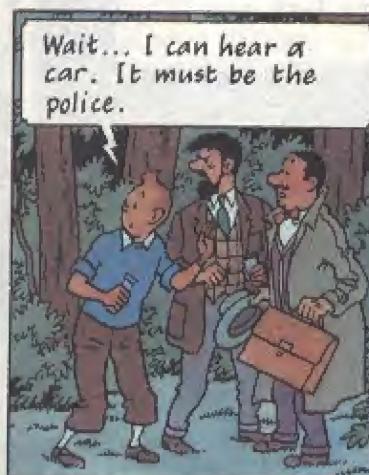
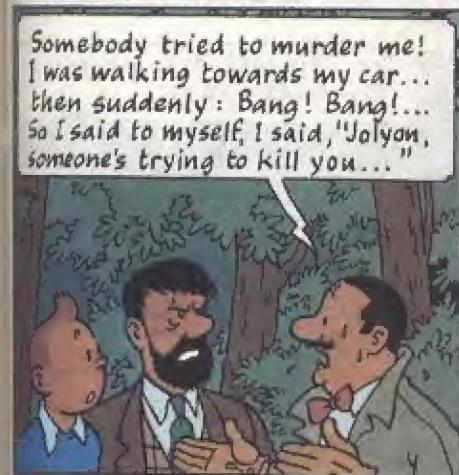


Oh, sir!... Sir! Something terrible's happened!

In heaven's name, what's the matter now?







The wounded man got away through this hole in the hedge.



You've lost the scent, eh Snowy? I can guess why.



He was picked up by a car waiting here for him. There's nothing to be done. Come on, let's go back to the others.

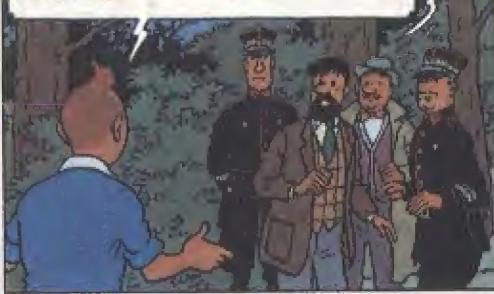


... You mean the glass just broke by itself?



Where have you sprung from?

Snowy picked up a scent. But it didn't lead anywhere.

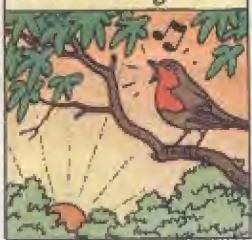


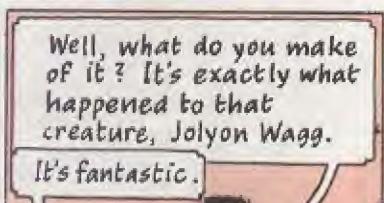
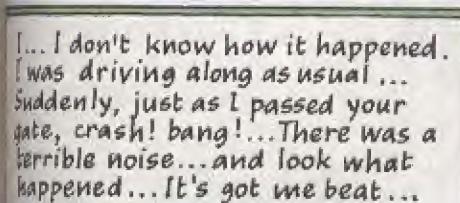
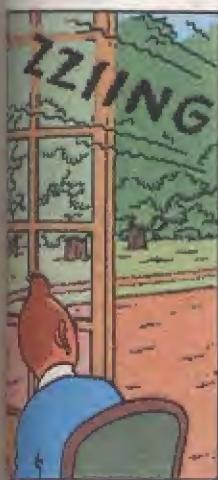
There's nothing more we can do here. We'd better go back to the house; we can talk things over more easily there.

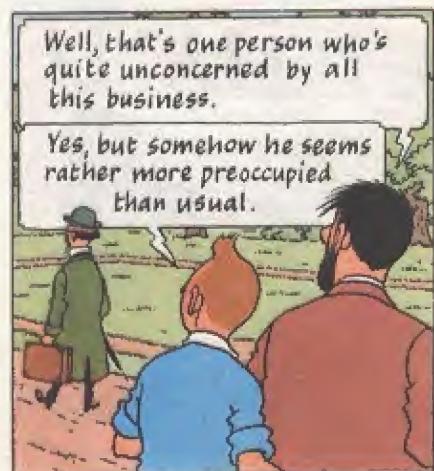
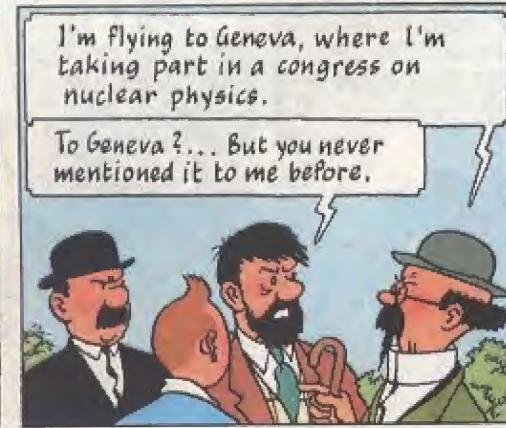
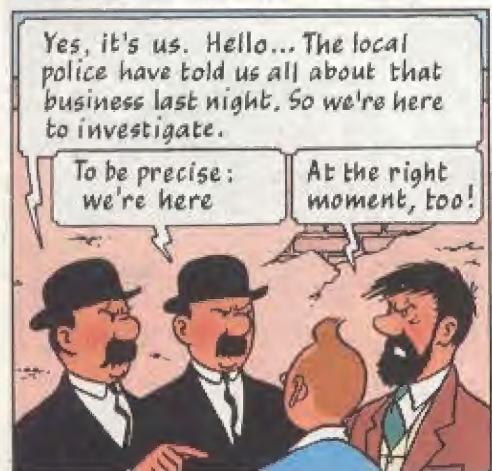
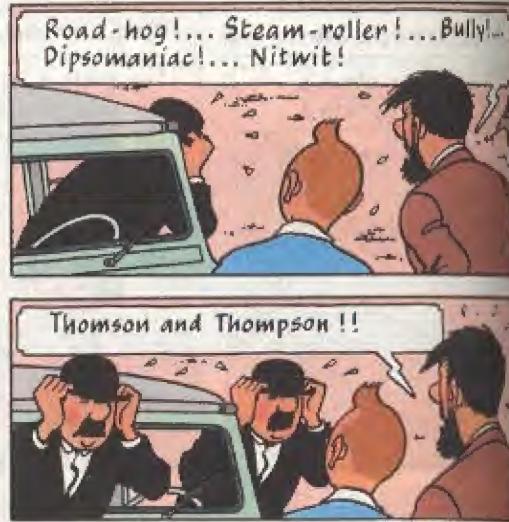
Yes, this case looks a hopeless muddle to me.



Next morning...









Just look at that horde of rubber-necks! They can hardly wait to see the rest of my windows smashed to bits!



No doubt. But somehow I think they are going to be disappointed.

What do you mean?



It's just a thought... By the way, I know Calculus hates anyone going into his laboratory, but I'd rather like to have a look round in there. Have you got his key?

Yes... but what's the idea?



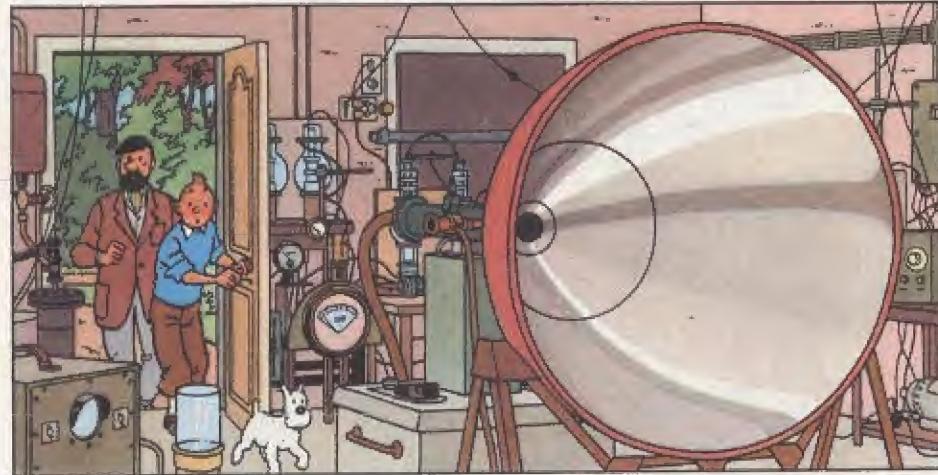
Well, I've been thinking about this business, and one thing struck me; the glass-breaking only occurred when Calculus was out; or, to be more accurate, when he was in his laboratory. And since he left for Geneva yesterday, nothing more has happened.



In a nutshell, you suggest our friend Cuthbert's responsible for all those incidents? But that's ridiculous!



I'm not suggesting anything, Captain. I'm simply trying to work it out.



I say, Captain, can you smell anything?

Sniff... Sniff...



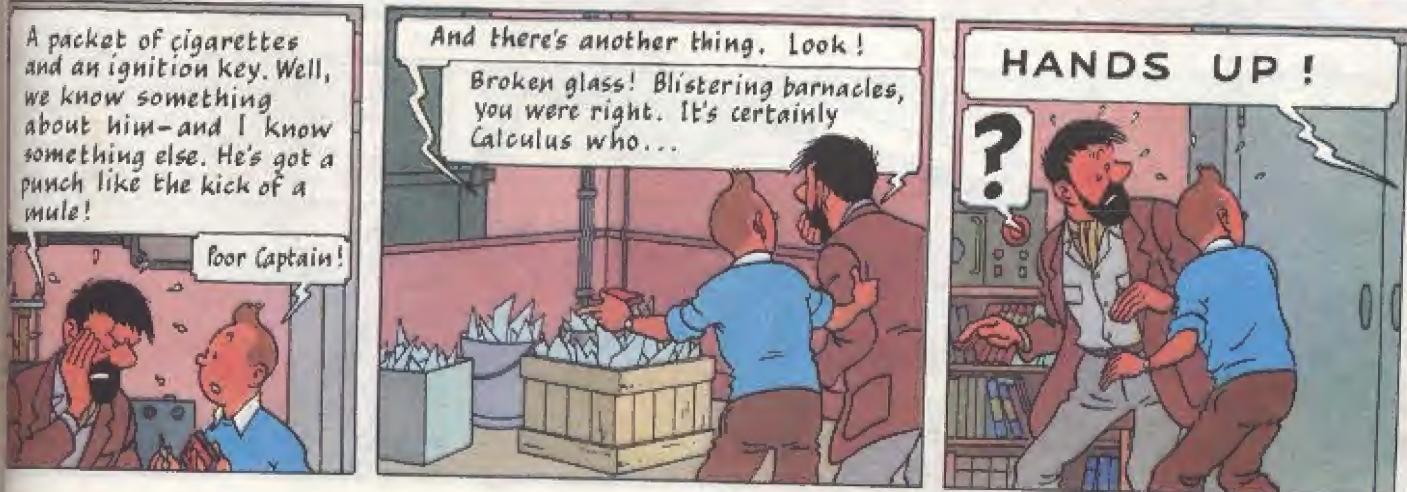
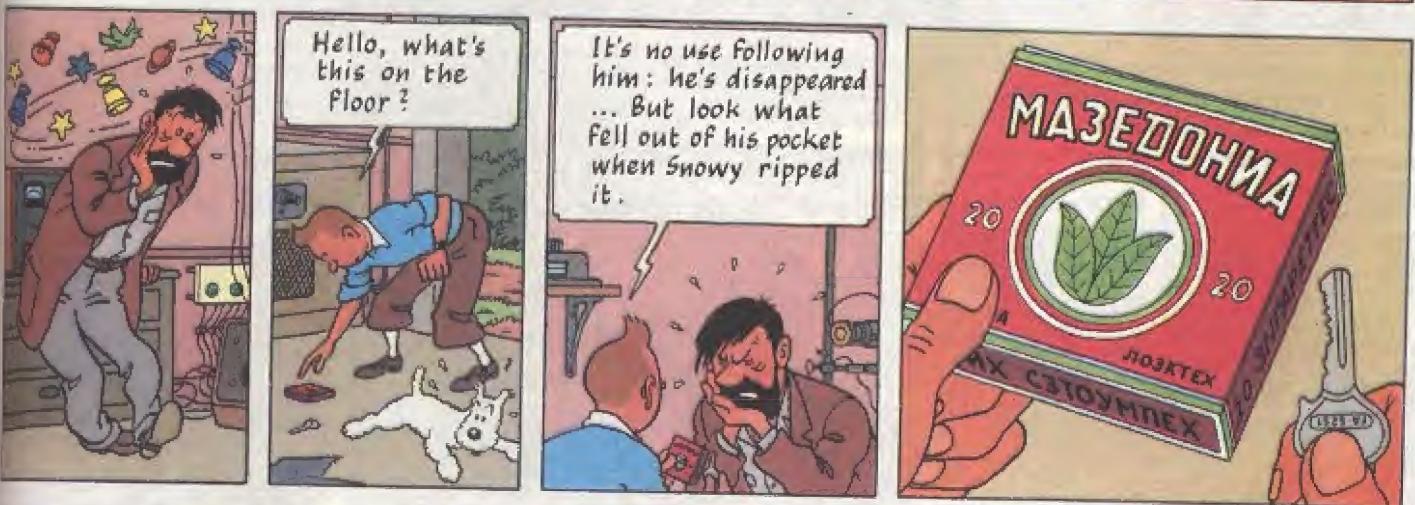
It's just...sniff... tobacco, that's all.

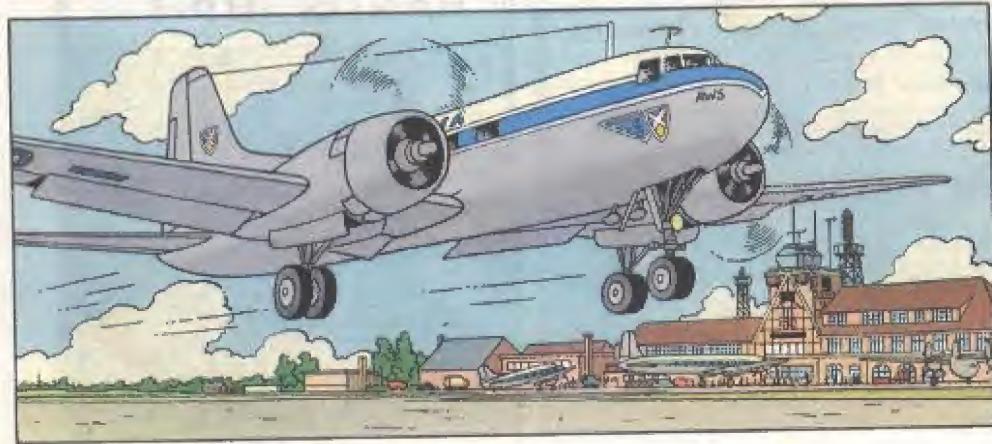
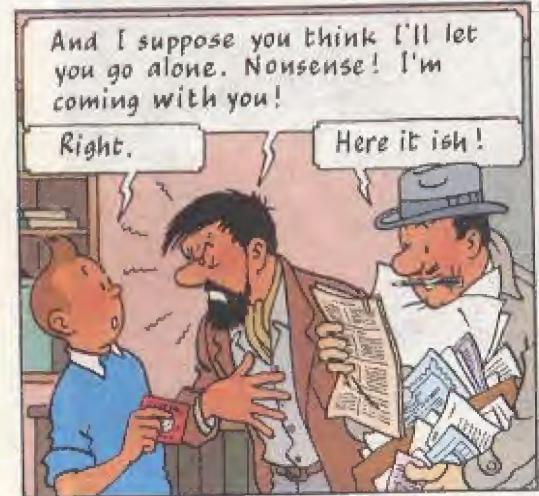
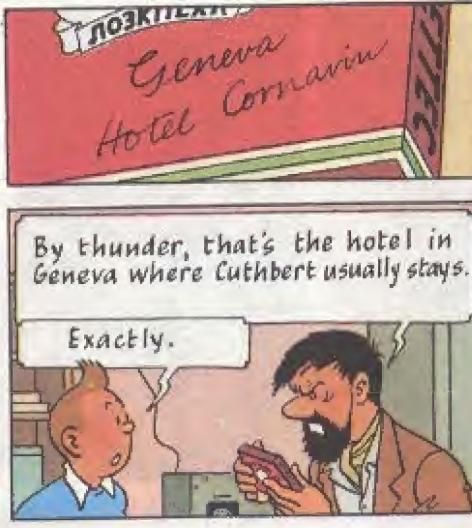
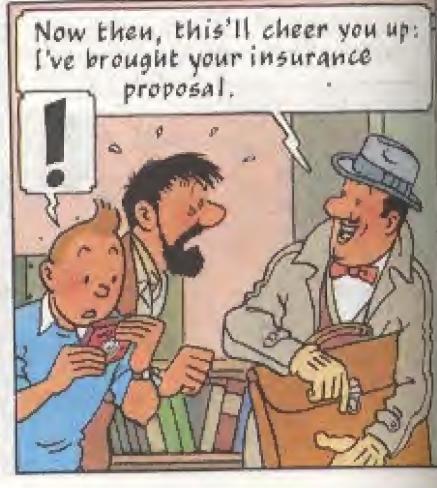
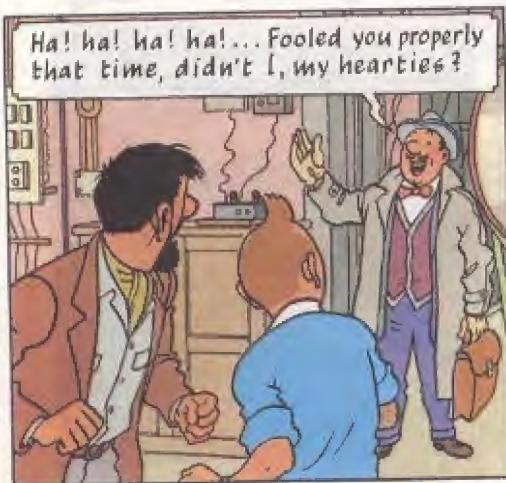
Yes, but Calculus doesn't smoke.



Blistering barnacles, that's quite right!







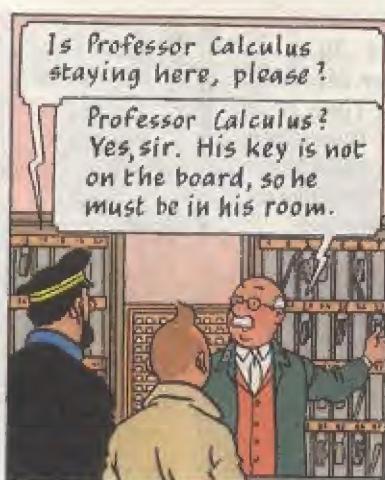
3.30 p.m., at Cointrin Airport, Geneva...



O.K., I get it: if they're here, we buzz off to Geneva and wait for them at Cornavin Station, at the Swissair bus terminal.



Three-quarters of an hour later, at Cornavin station...



It's very odd... he isn't answering. Yet he should be in his room.

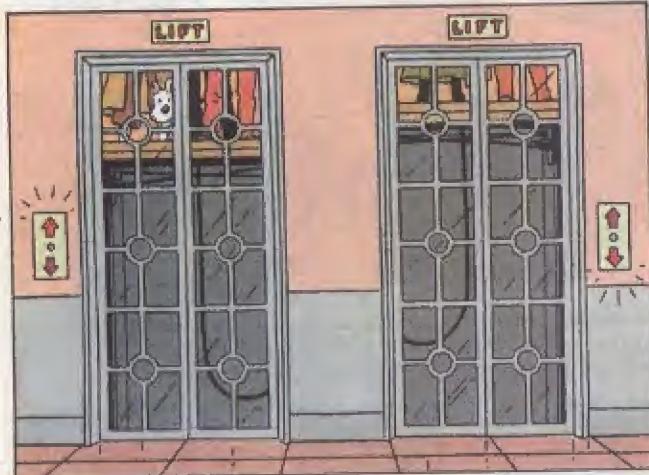
Perhaps he can't hear. We'd better go up. What number is his room, please?

Number 122, fourth floor. The lift is on your left.

Thank you. We'll leave our luggage here.

Fourth floor, please.

Certainly, sir.



You're right... He must have gone out while my back was turned... I'm terribly sorry, sir.

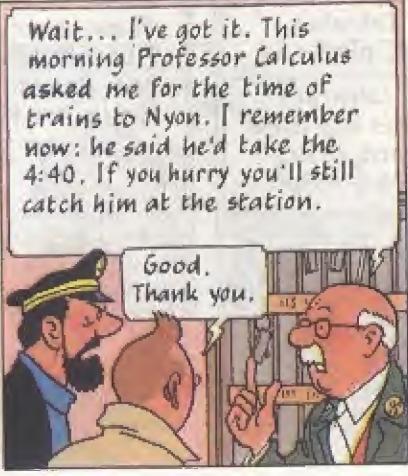
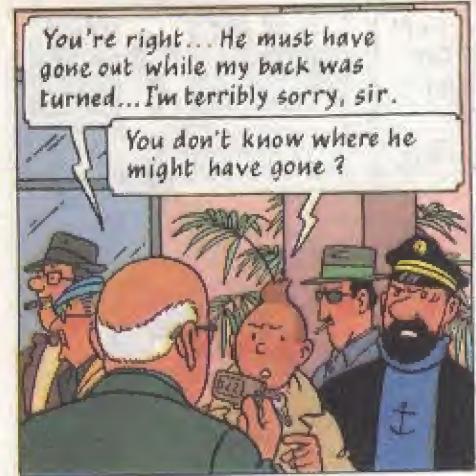
You don't know where he might have gone?

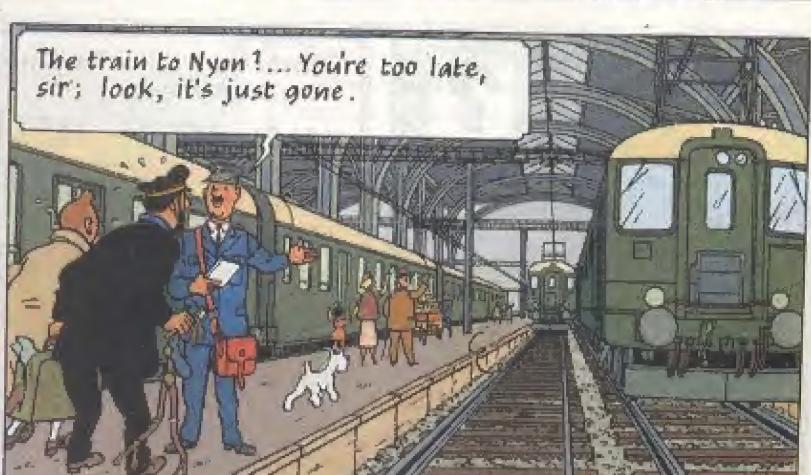
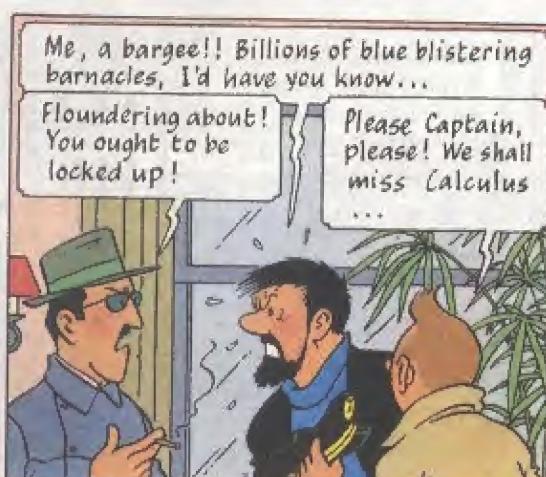
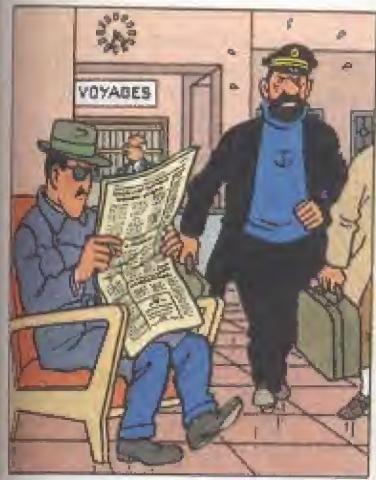
Wait... I've got it. This morning Professor Calculus asked me for the time of trains to Nyon. I remember now: he said he'd take the 4:40. If you hurry you'll still catch him at the station.

Good. Thank you.

Look out! Here they come.

We have exactly seven minutes.





Billions of blue blistering barnacles! All because of that Balkan beetle... I can't think why I don't go back...

That's a good idea; we'll go back.

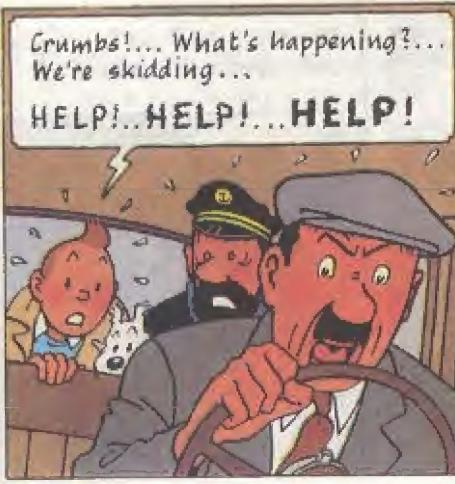
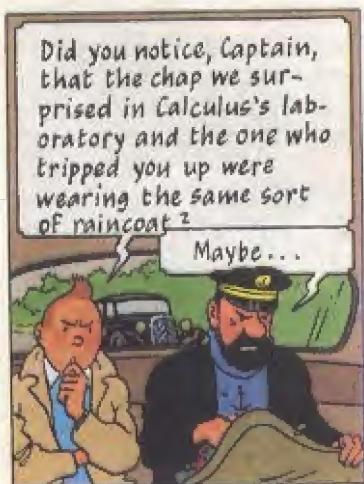
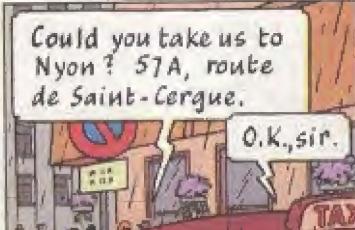
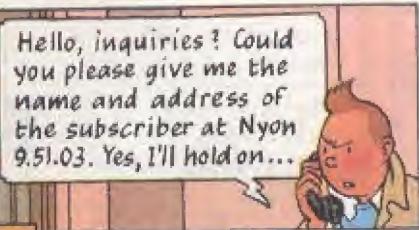
I'm going to have a few words with that...

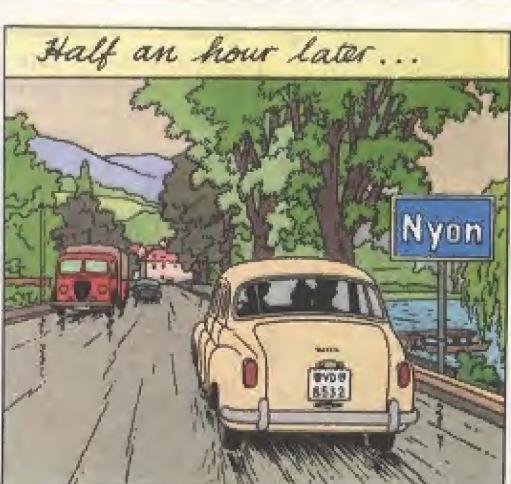
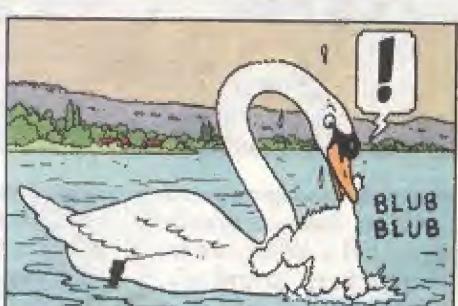
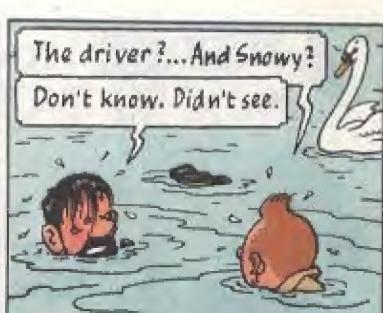
No you won't! We've other things to attend to.

Did Professor Calculus make any telephone calls after his arrival?... One moment, please; I'll inquire.

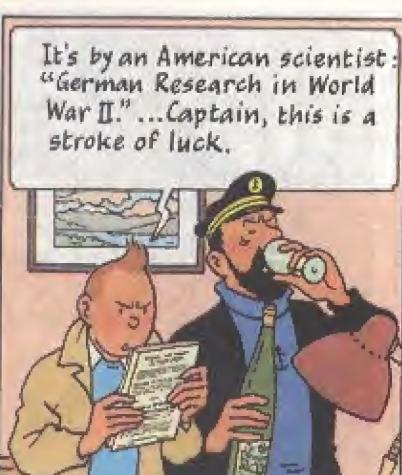
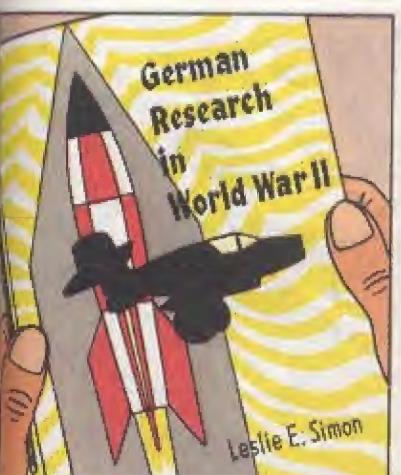
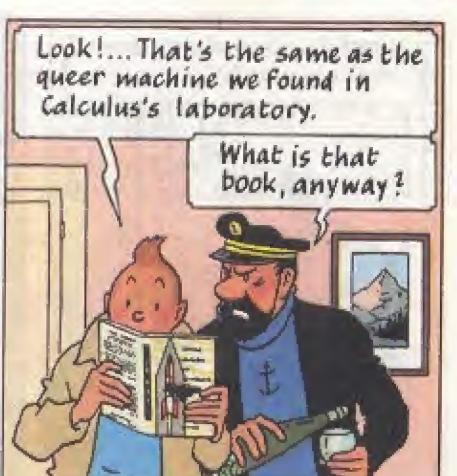
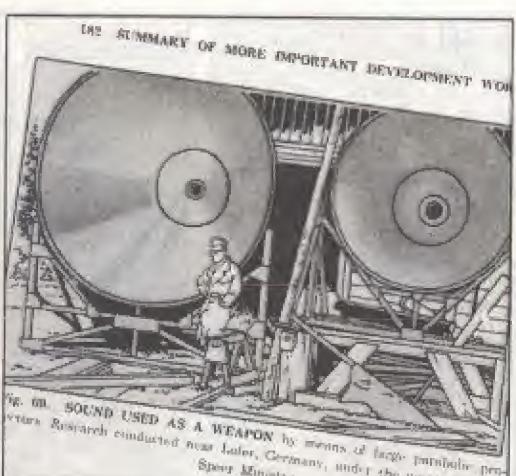
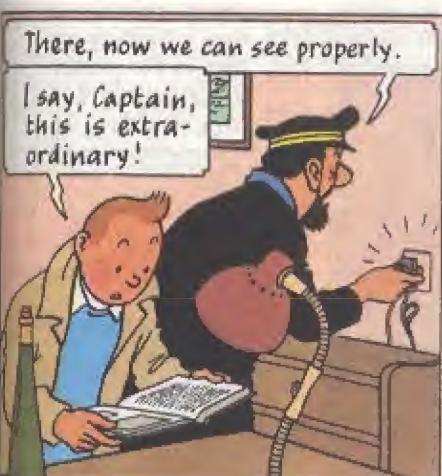
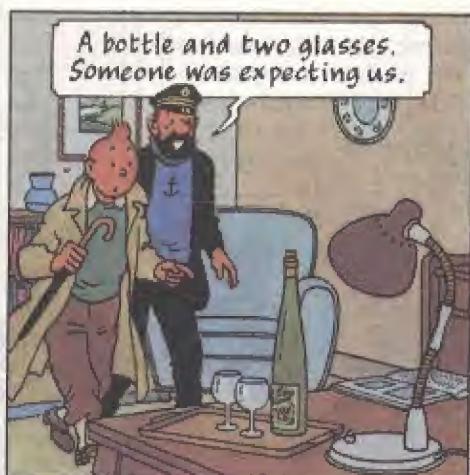
Hello, switchboard. Has No. 122 made any outside calls since he arrived? No. 122, yes... To Nyon 9.51.03... Twice?... Thank you very much.

Nyon
9.51.03.









You will pay dearly for your folly, Lawton, my friend! Ha! ha! ha! ... At last we can settle our account...

The radio!

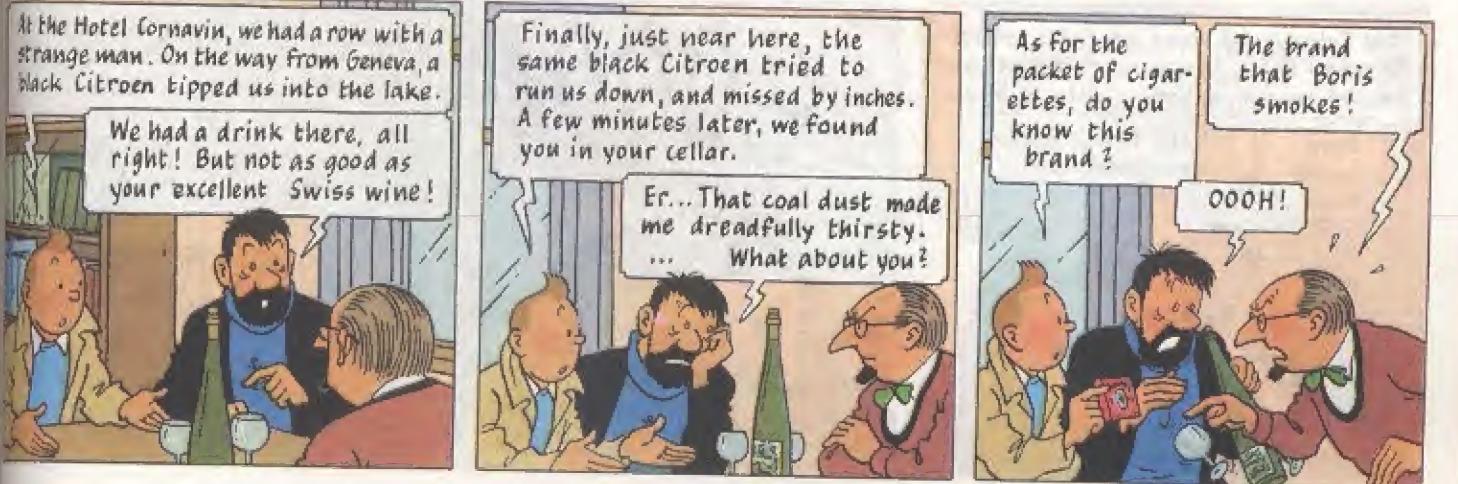
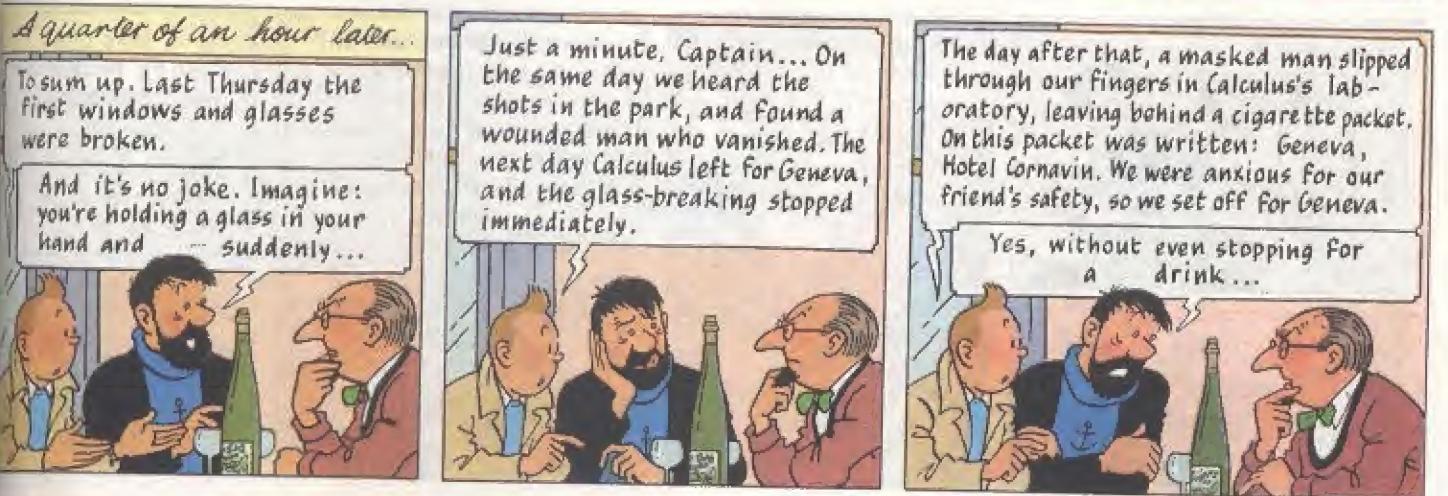
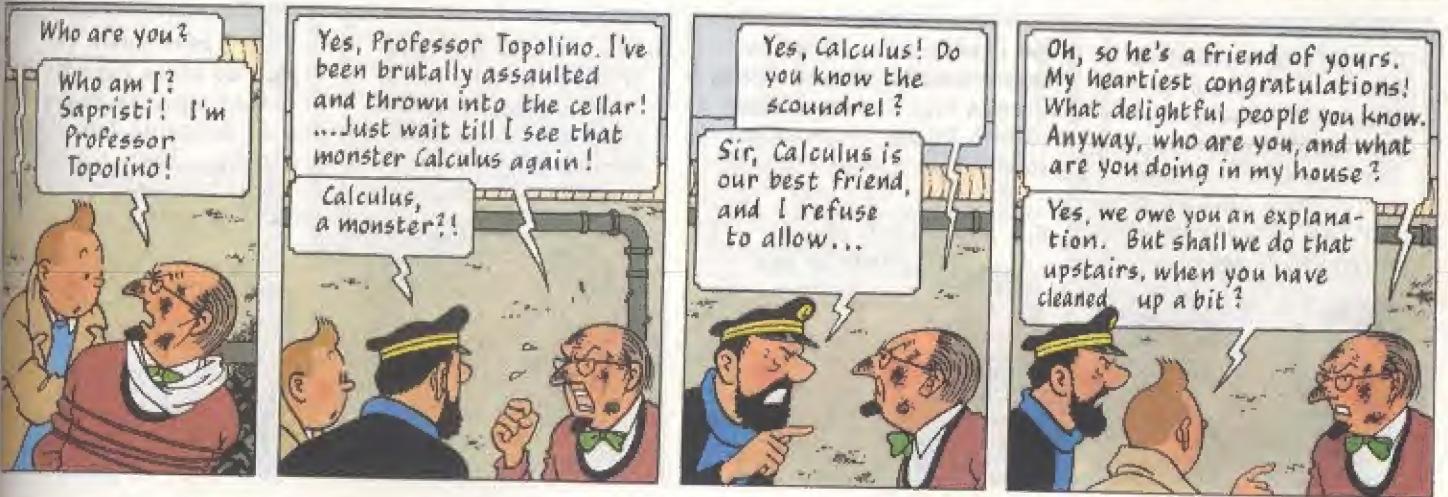
The radio!... You set it going when you plugged in the lamp.

It's useless to shout; that will do you no good...

Great snakes!... THAT CIGARETTE!... Another!

Well, what about that cigarette?





Who is Boris?

Boris? He's my servant. He smokes very little, and only those cigarettes. He gets them direct from Borduria.



From Borduria?... Boris is a Bordurian?... Where is he?

He left for home yesterday evening. They sent a telegram. His mother has just been taken ill.

Oho! It's '53!



I think I'm beginning to understand. Yes... But what's your story, Professor?

Your wine has rare distinction.



He wrote to say that he was on the verge of a sensational discovery, in the field of ultrasonics. As I am a specialist in that subject, he sought my advice. Last week another letter arrived... He had succeeded,



But it seems that the consequences of his invention so alarmed him that he wished to talk to me. I arranged to see him today.

Er... This bottle was intended for him?



Exactly. But help yourself if you feel like it. ... This afternoon Calculus arrived, a little earlier than I expected, and we began to chat.



Then I bent down to pick up some papers. I looked up, and there was Calculus, brandishing a cosh... Then I came to in the cellar, bound and gagged.



I've got it!



Do you know this man?



Never seen him. Who is he?

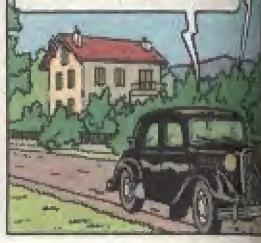


Calculus! The one and only Calculus! So it wasn't he who knocked you out; it was someone else, masquerading as the Professor. Meanwhile the real Calculus arrived...



You're sure the timing mechanism hasn't stopped?

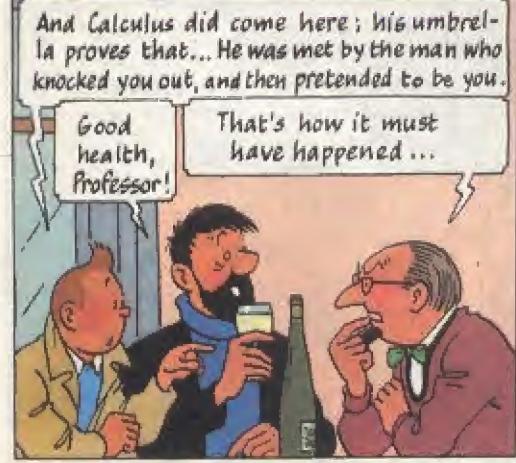
Don't panic! Only a few seconds to go...



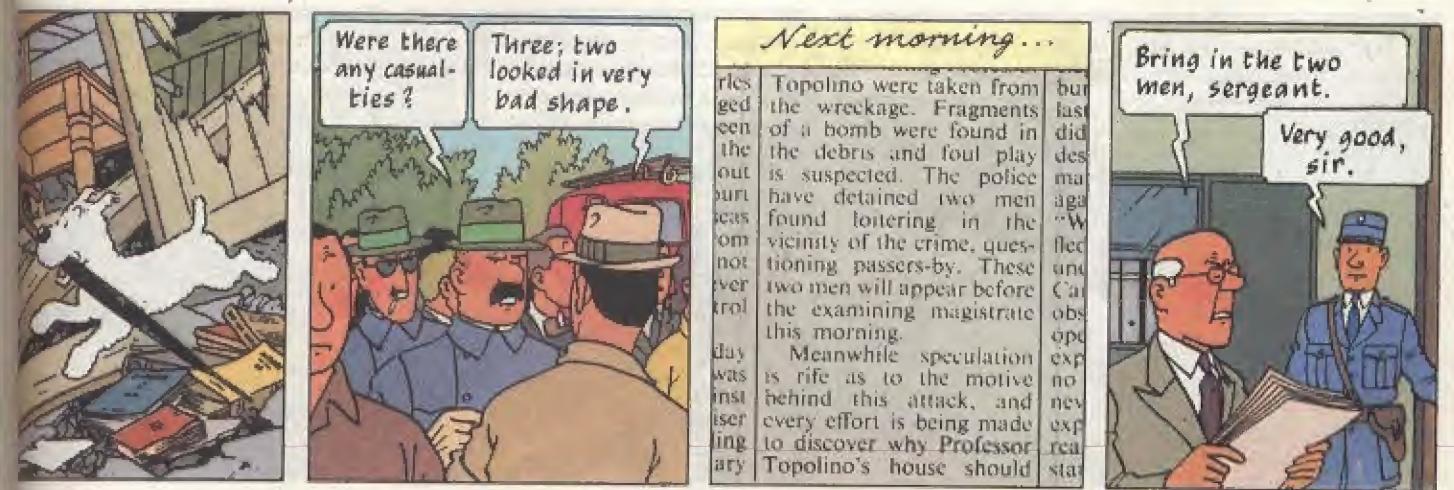
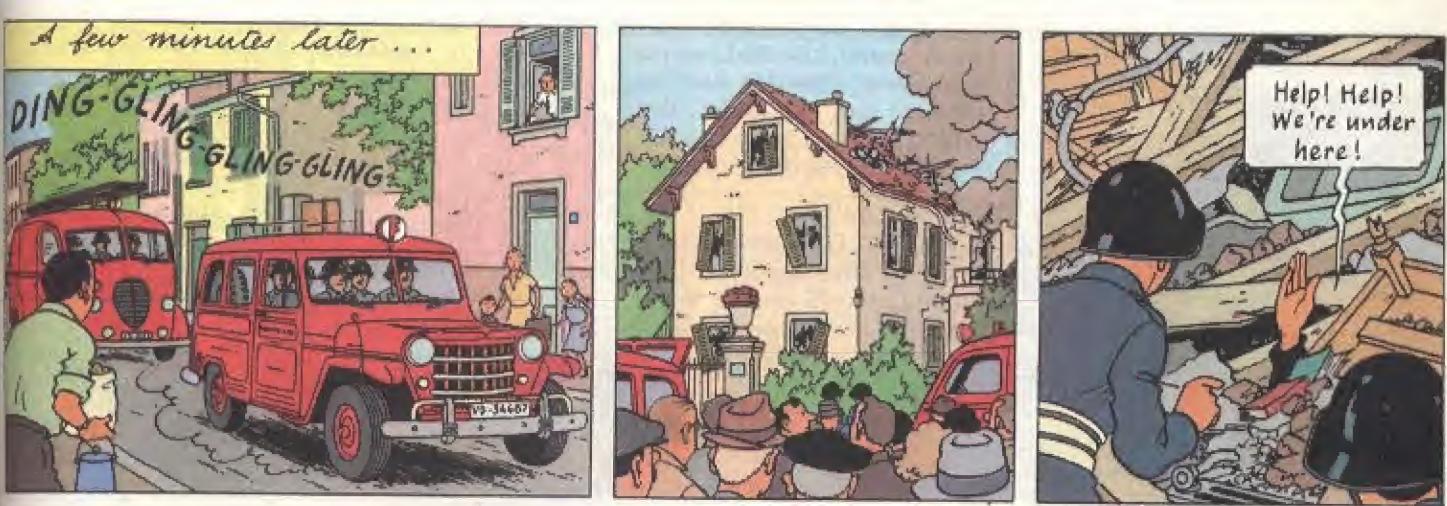
And Calculus did come here; his umbrella proves that... He was met by the man who knocked you out, and then pretended to be you.

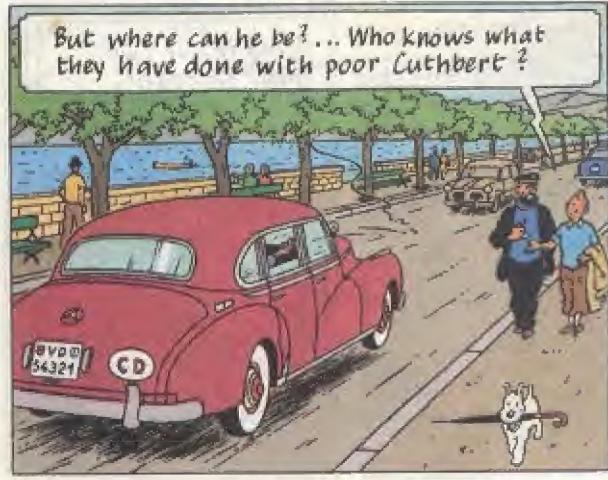
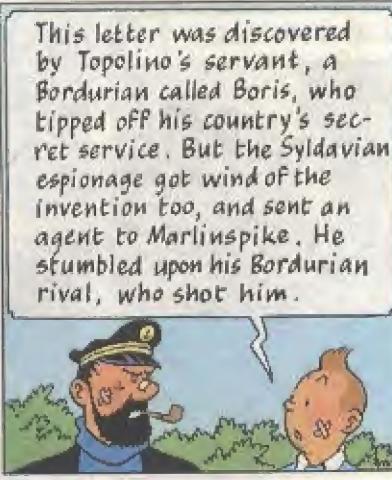
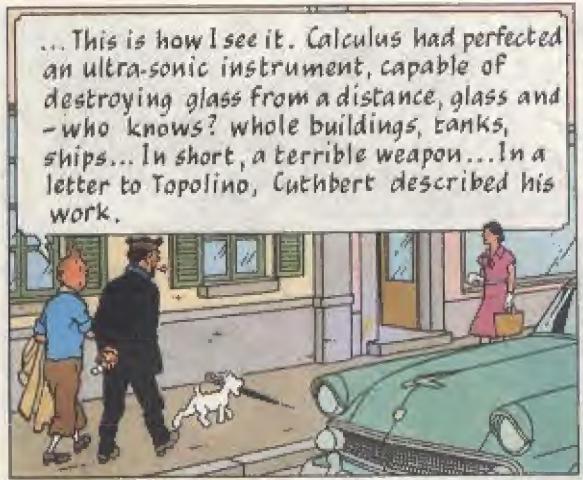
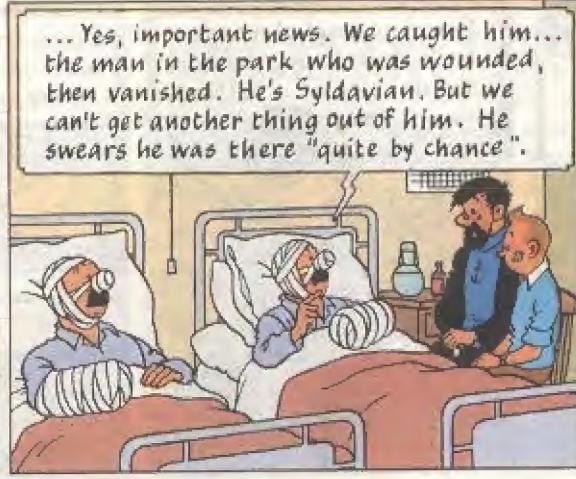
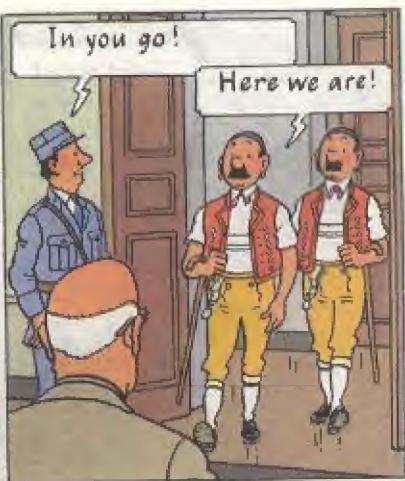
Good health, Professor!

That's how it must have happened...



Up she goes! That's got rid of the whole bunch at one stroke!





Look at this cigarette, Captain. The same brand...once again!

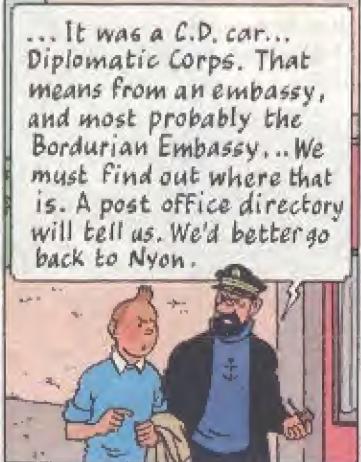
Thundering typhoons, you're right.

... It was a C.D. car... Diplomatic Corps. That means from an embassy, and most probably the Bordurian Embassy... We must find out where that is. A post office directory will tell us. We'd better go back to Nyon.

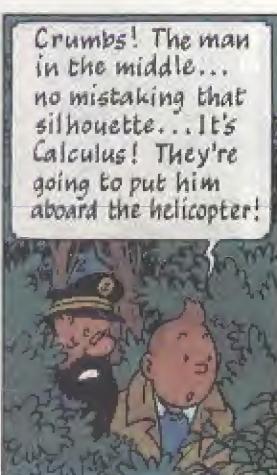
There... Bordurian Embassy, "Les Cygnes", Rolle.

Rolle... That's a few miles from Nyon.

Well then, this afternoon we'll reconnoitre. We'll go out to Rolle and spy out the land; and tonight, Captain, we'll go into action!



That night...



Someone's trying to rescue Calculus! Quick, Captain, let's give them a hand!

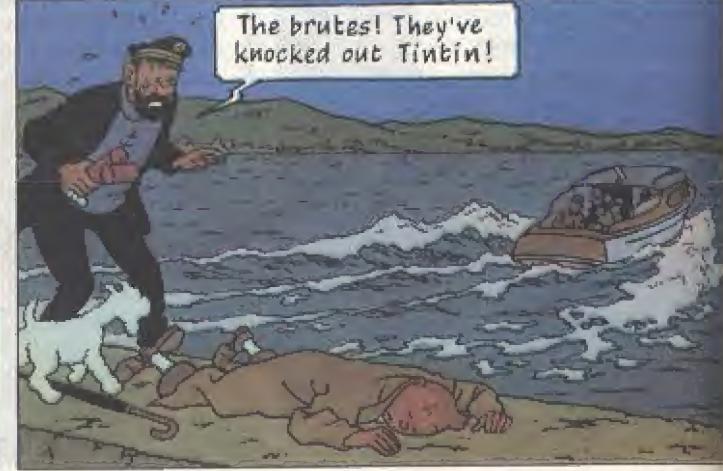
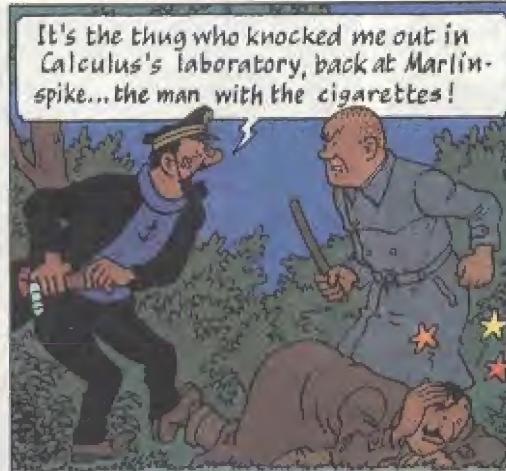
I'm with you! Come on!

...But how can we tell friends from enemies?

Go for the ugliest ...That won't be difficult - you'll see.

Now which has the ugliest mug? It looks about fifty-fifty...

Tintin! Is it really you? I can't believe my eyes!



Gangsters!... Anacoluthons!
... Bashi-bazouks!



We'd better not hang around here, Captain; the others will be back.



We must get under cover, quickly.



There they are. Let's get back to the lawn.



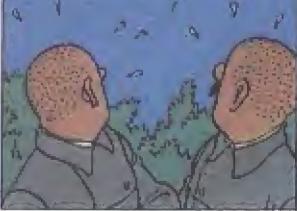
By the whiskers of Kürvi-Tasch!
Those accursed Syldavians have got away with the Professor!



Only one thing to do:
go after them in
the helicopter...



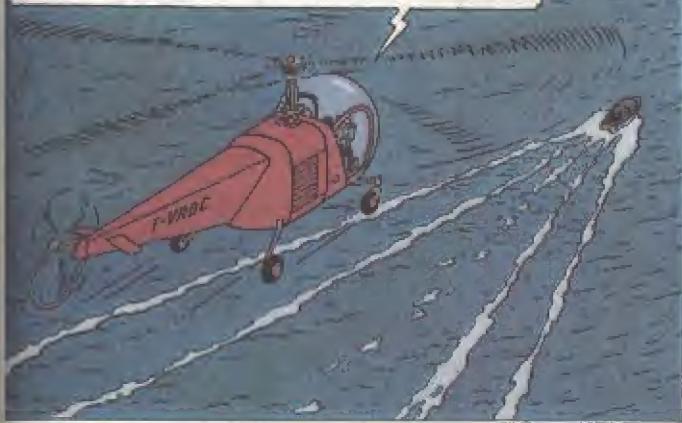
Good idea!



We're overhauling them fast.
You can see their wake
clearly.

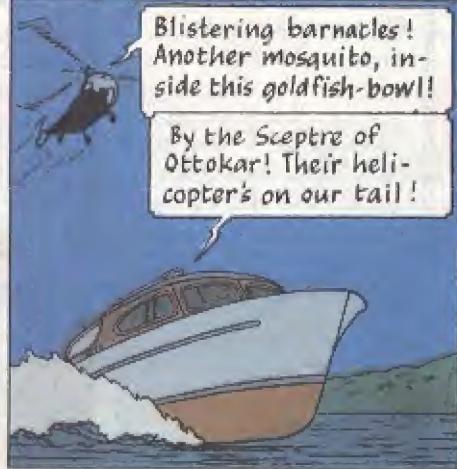


It's them all right, heading towards France!



Blistering barnacles!
Another mosquito, inside this goldfish-bowl!

By the Sceptre of Ottokar! Their helicopter's on our tail!

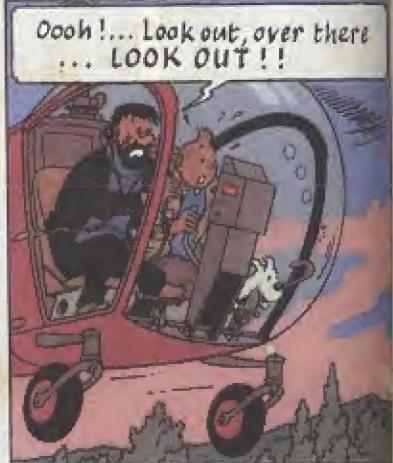
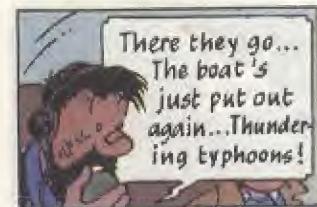
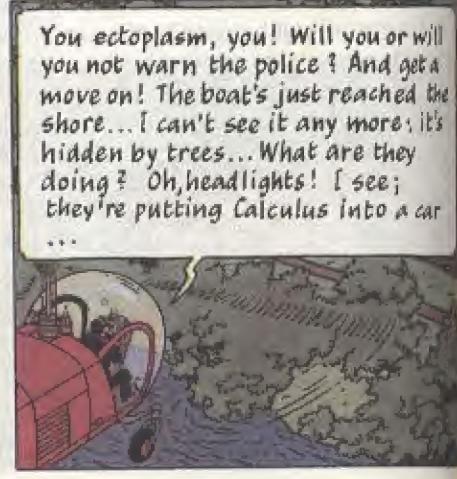
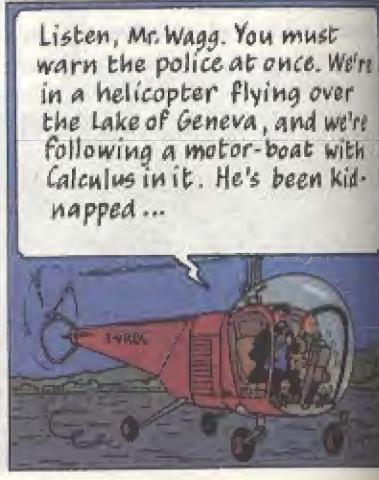
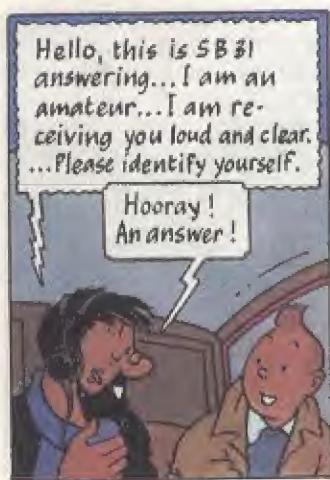


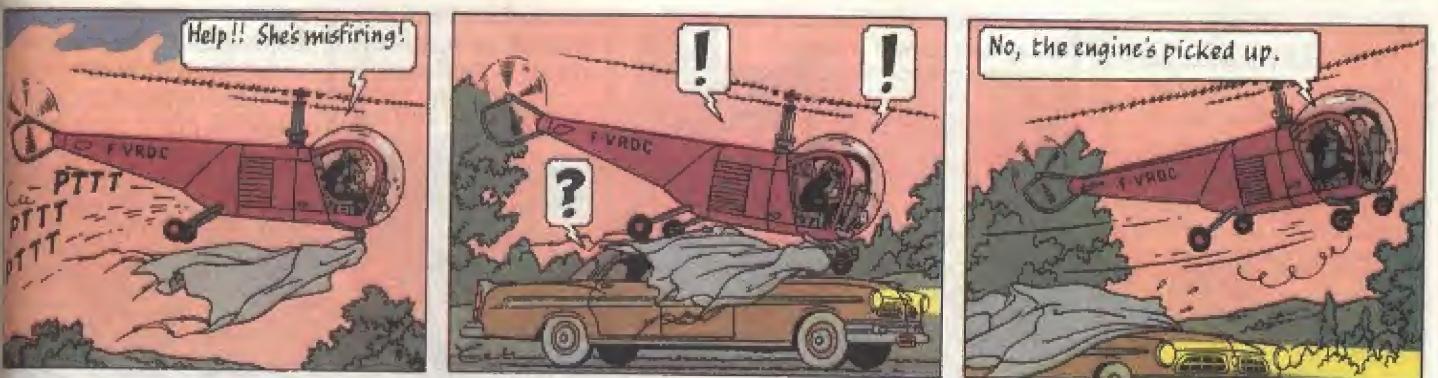
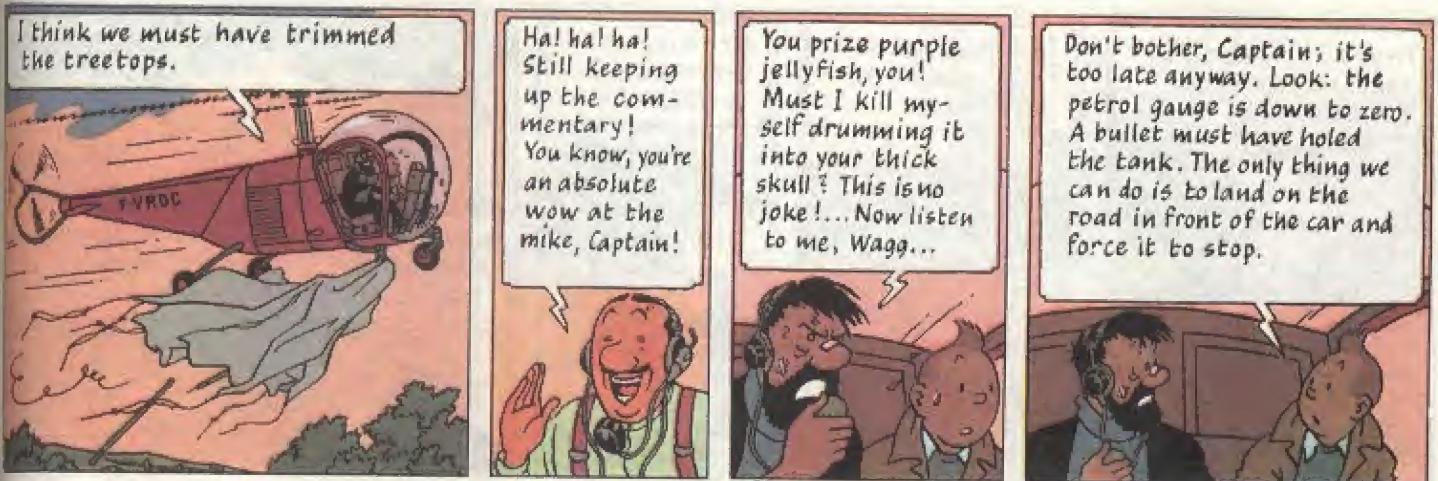
OH! You monster!
Just you wait...
Where's my spray-gun?



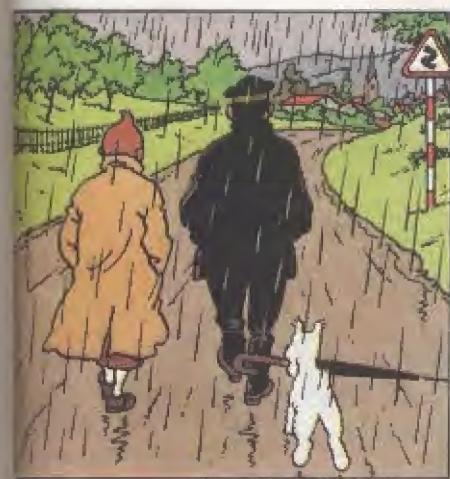
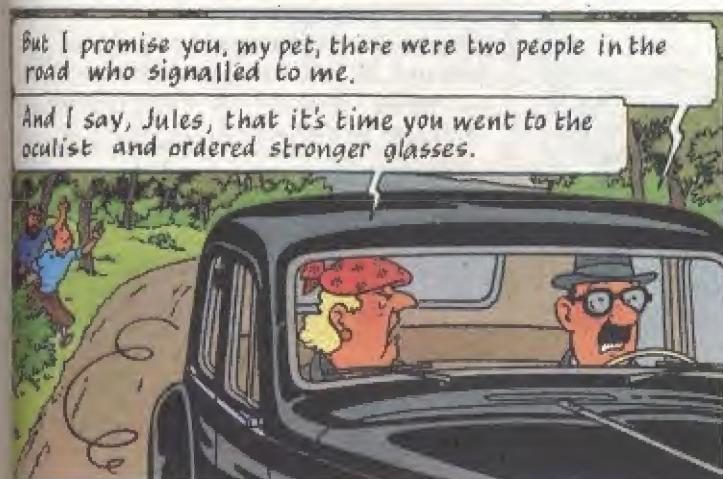
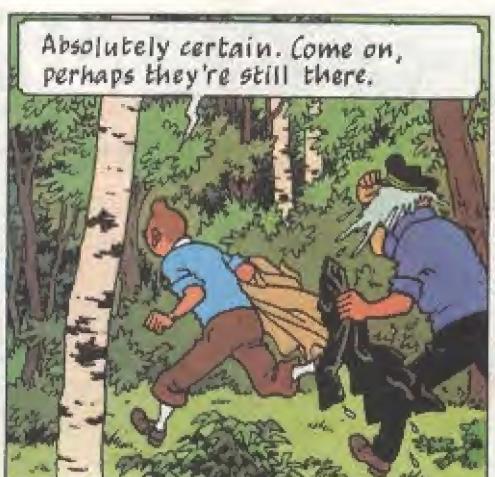
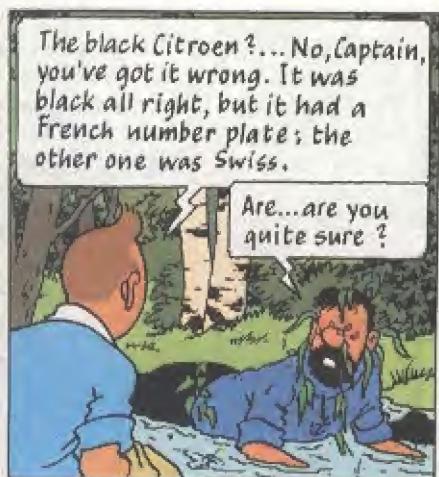
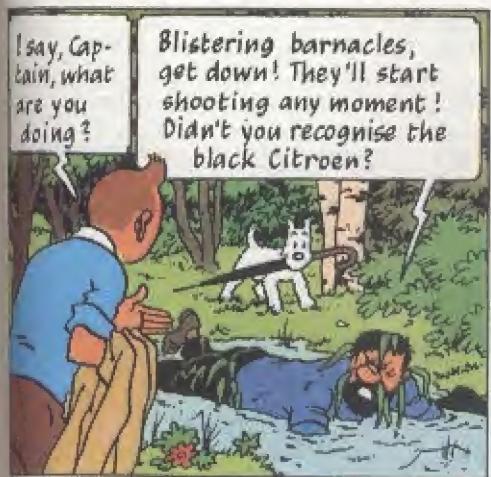
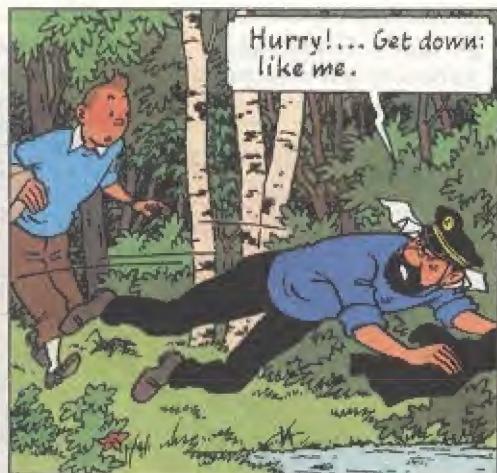
Go on Vladimir,
they're within range.



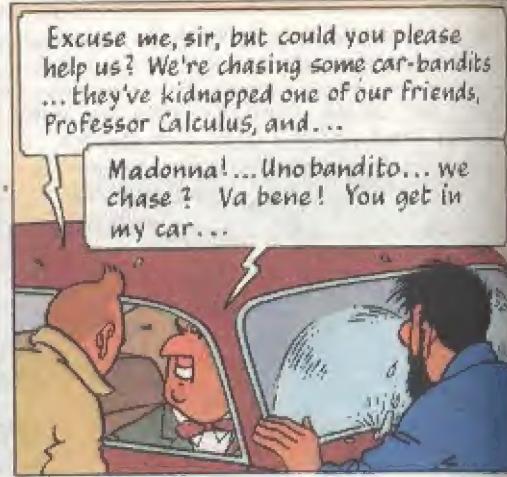
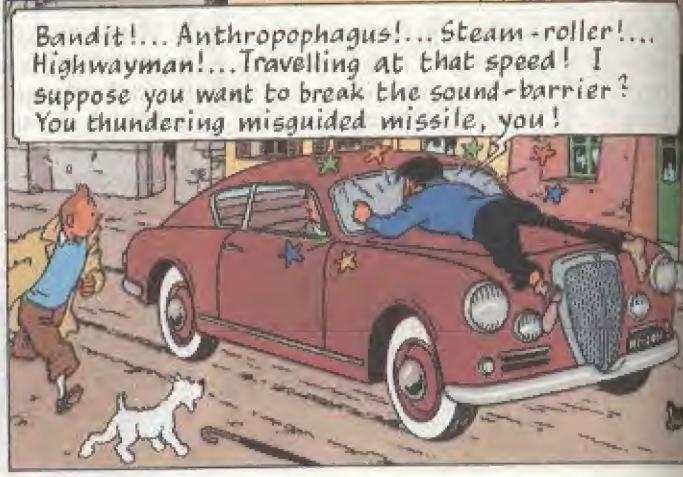








...Yes, and meanwhile poor Calculus is being whisked further and further away!



Madonna! ... Uno bandito... we chase? Va bene! You get in my car...



O.K.

SLAM



Scusi!



Perhaps we'd better explain. Our friend Calculus has an invention which secret agents from a foreign power are trying to steal. That is why they kidnapped Calculus.



But a rival gang, probably secret agents from another country, grabbed our friend.



As I was saying, this second gang snatched our friend from the first lot. We...er... Don't you think we'd better slow down?



Mamma mia!... Whatta is happenning? This noise is peculiare. Diavolo! I think now: uno pistone?... Una valvola?



It...it...it's nothing. ... It...it...it's my... my b-t-t-teeth...ch-ch-ch-ch-chattering...



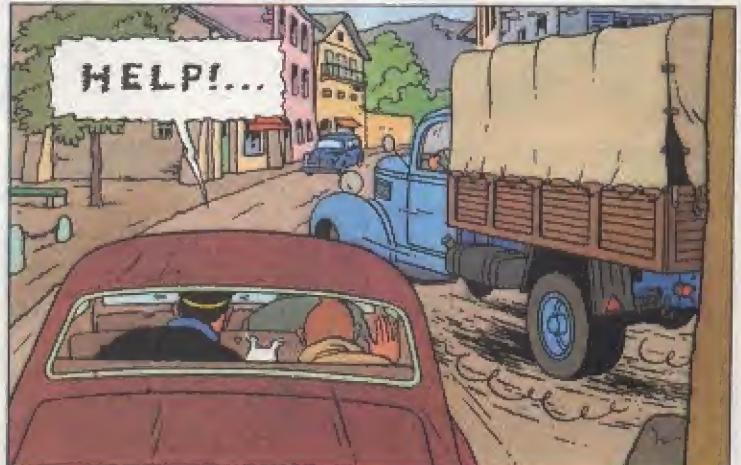
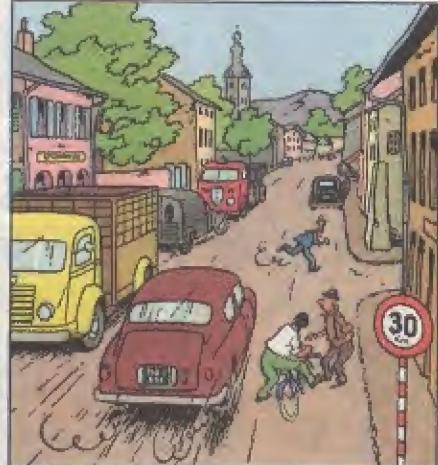
Er... I believe the Captain thinks that you're flying too low...

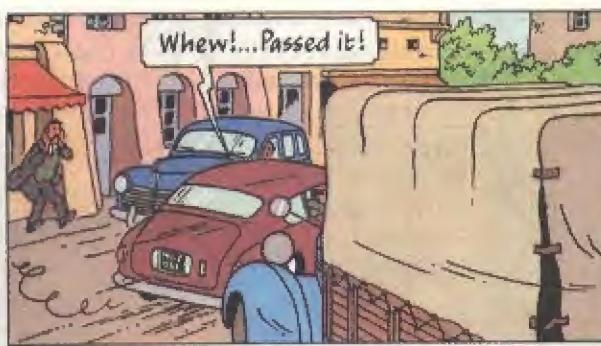


Ten thousand thundering typhoons! Must you drive like a lunatic?

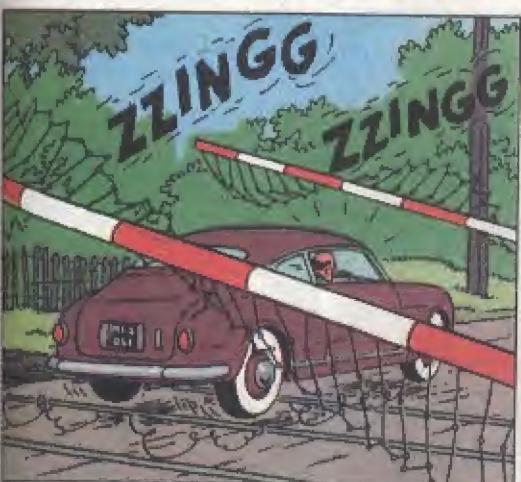


There it is! That car there! The Chrysler that's just gone through the village.





Blistering barnacles, we'll break our necks, I tell you!



...We put on the brakes, so!...Ecco!...Superbissimo!

That's odd. I can't see Calculus...



By heaven!! What d'you think you're playing at? What do you want?



What do we want? Quite simply: Calculus. Where is he?



Calculus? And what might that be: Calculus? A plant? An animal? A chemical?

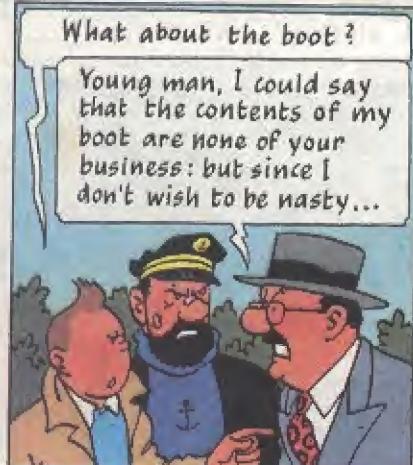
You know as well as we do! What have you done with him?

I'd ask you to mind your manners. Once and for all, I've never heard of your Candyfloss! You can see that my chauffeur and I are alone in my car...



What about the boot?

Young man, I could say that the contents of my boot are none of your business: but since I don't wish to be nasty...



There! Now where's your Coelacanth? Inside the spare wheel, I suppose.



Does that satisfy you, Mr. Sherlock Holmes? Or would you like to dismantle my carburetor? No? In that case, get out of the road and let me pass. You've wasted enough of my time already.



Mamma mia! You fool me nicely, yes?... You tell me the big fib, yes? You just wanna to make hitch-hike... and me stupido who believes you! Madonna, how you fool me! Va bene! Now you walk. Addio!



What can have happened? Did we follow the wrong car?... Or did Calculus stay in the motor-boat?



GREAT SNAKES!

Hey, what's the matter? Now what's burning you up?



YEOW!



What idiots we are! Under the back seat!



It was rather high up... That's where they've hidden poor Calculus! We let ourselves be hoodwinked like a couple of kids. Come on!



Old Calculus has certainly led us a pretty dance around the countryside!



That aeroplane looks as if it's landing. Is there an airfield near here? If that's the case, we're saved.



Come on, let's take this footpath. When we get to the airfield we'll ask if there's a plane available.



What's all this?... No airfield?... It's come down in a meadow.



Look! There, behind those trees! The Chrysler!!



There's Calculus! They're putting him aboard the plane. Quick Captain!



By St.Vladimir! There are those madmen again!



Quick, Stanislas, climb aboard. And start up the engine, Boldoff; hurry! Too bad about the car: we'll abandon it.



Step on it, Boldoff!



Faster! Faster!



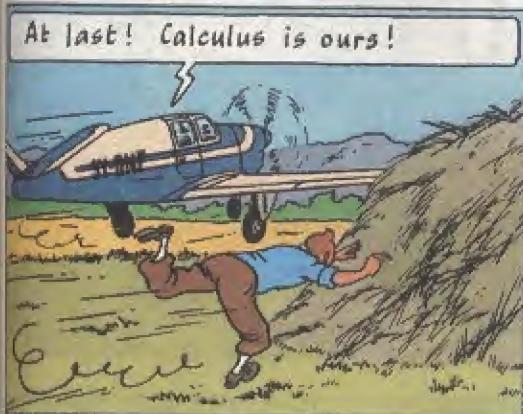
What are you waiting for? Take off!



Ah! That's it!



At last! Calculus is ours!



Wooah! Wooah!



WOOAH!



YOW! OW!
OW!



HELP! HELP!



?

SAVE ME!

Hurry, blistering barnacles! Help me!

Great snakes!
Poor Captain!

A few minutes later...

Thundering typhoons,
you were right! The back
seat is hollow. The pirates!
That's where they hid
him!

Listen Captain, we
mustn't waste time.
It was a Syldavian
aircraft: we'll go
back to Geneva and
take the first plane
for Syldavia.

Right!

Next morning in Geneva...

While you buy the tickets
I'll get some papers. Then
I'll put a call through
to Marlinspike ...

Two seats for Klow,
sir? Certainly. The
plane leaves from
Cointrin in two
hours' time.



You Carpathian Bashi-bazouks!
That's the second time you've
crossed my path. I hope for your
sakes there won't be a third. You
two-timing Tartar twisters,
you!... Understand?...

Just remember,
I've got my eye on you!



Hello!
What's
happened
to you?

Er... nothing...
a slight mishap.
But read this;
it's incredible.



BORDURO-SYLDAVIAN INCIDENT

Bordurian fighters force down
Sylavian plane

"VIOLATION
OF OUR
AIR-SPACE"
SAYS SZOHÓD

A Bordurian Air Ministry communiqué reports that a Sylavian aircraft has been intercepted by fighters while flying over Bordurian territory. Despite repeated warnings,

"UNPROVOKED
TASCHIST
AGGRESSION"
KLOW PROTESTS

In an official note the Sylavian Ministry of Foreign Affairs has protested vigorously against "unprovoked aggression by the Bordurian Air Force towards an unarmed Sylavian aeroplane".

Great snakes! This alters everything. I bet that's the plane Calculus was in. Now he's fallen into Bordurian hands again. They never give up, do they?



Your
tickets
for Klow,
sir.

We don't need
them! We're
going to Szohód,
in Borduria.

Yes...er... Can
we by any chance...



I'm sorry, sir, the flight
to Szohód is fully booked.
The last two seats have
just been taken. However,
if you would care to
wait...



... we may have
a last-minute
cancellation.
In that case
we can make
arrangements
for you.



By the whiskers of
Kürvi-Tasch! They
want to go to Szohód,
you can bet your life.
But we took the last
two seats. I wonder...



You'll wait here? Good.
I'm just going to see if
I can get through to
Marlinspike.

All right.



Yes, Marlinspike 421.
Thank you, I'll hold
on.



Hello?... Hello,
Marlinspike? Hello,
is that you, Nestor?
... What?... Who's
that speaking?...



Hello, operator.
That was the wrong
number. I asked
for 421... Yes, 421.



Hello? Hello, is
that 421? Is that
you, Nestor? This
is Captain Haddock.
... Who is that
speaking?... Who?!



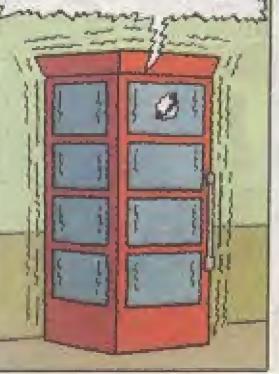
Wagg... Jolyon Wagg...
Proper lark this is, eh?
You old humbug, you
didn't half give me a
laugh with your heli-
copter chase... What?
What am I doing here?



It turned out nice, so I brought
the wife for a little visit to
your country seat... Yes... Who?
... Nestor?... I'll hand you over to
him; he's got a good joke to
tell you... Hi, Nestor, it's your boss.



WHAT?



I'm afraid it's the truth, sir. The Professor's laboratory has been stripped... Yes, the apparatus too, sir... Absolutely everything... Quite so, last night. Yes, sir, the police came this morning.



Did they find any clues? ... You... Hello? ... What did you say, Nestor?



No, it's me, Wagg. ... Don't worry, old boy; it's better than a slap in the eye with a wet kipper, as my Uncle Anatole used to say. Besides...



Thundering typhoons! Shut up about your Uncle Anatole and put me back to Nestor, or I'll do something desperate!

Right away... You know, your insurance is ready. And you'll see, I've taken care of everything. You've got the lot: theft, fire, hailstorms, air-disasters...



Wagg! Billions of billions blue blistering barnacles! I... hello!... hello!... HELLO!

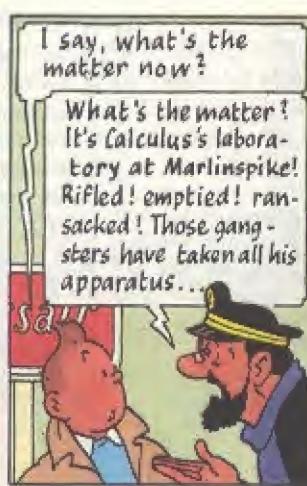


Now I've been cut off!!!



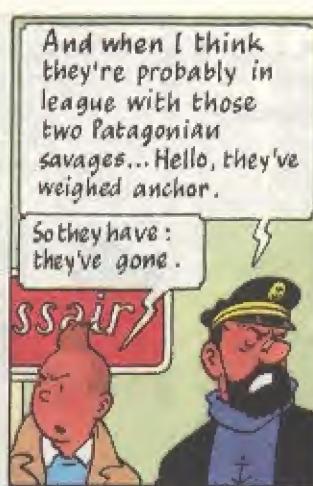
I say, what's the matter now?

What's the matter? It's Calculus's laboratory at Marlinspike! Rifled! emptied! ransacked! Those gangsters have taken all his apparatus...



And when I think they're probably in league with those two Patagonian savages... Hello, they've weighed anchor.

So they have: they've gone.



Excuse me, sir!... Sir!... Sir!...



Someone's just telephoned: we have two vacant seats on the plane for Szohod... but the coach leaves in five minutes. Will that be...

Thanks, we'll take them.



A few minutes later...

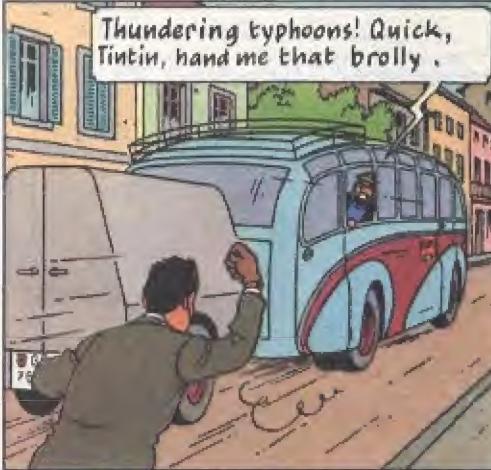


Bon voyage, gentlemen. We're only too delighted to give you our seats...

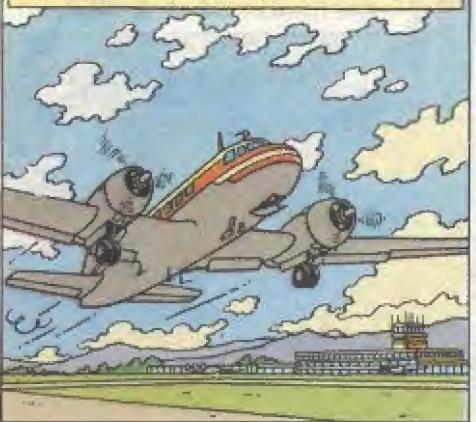


You're the last, sir. We're just off now.





At Cointrin Airport, 1.40p.m.



Here we go, on our way to Szohôd... I only hope we find poor Calculus there.



Billions of bilious blue blistering barnacles!



Just look at this confounded sticking-plaster! How did it get itself on to my cap? It's black magic, I tell you!



Meanwhile, in Geneva...

Hello, operator, I want Szohôd 322.18... Yes, Szohôd. ... What? A delay? But it's urgent. I... Good. Try and hurry things along.



Hello?... Hello?... Yes, I can hear you. CRACKLE... FRRT... Hello, Szohôd? Hello, I... FRRT... Hello?



2.17p.m.



2.35p.m.



Hello? Yes, I can hear you... Hello?... GLOUP... CRR... Willyou... Hello?... What?... Ah, it's you, Szhrinkoff. Amaïh... CRR... Hello?



2.52p.m.



Hello?... FRRWT... Hello, I can't hear you CLACK... What?... FRRT... CRRACK... Can't you speak up?!... What?

3.48p.m.



3.03p.m.



Yes, Haddock. A sort of sea-dog with a beard... CLACK... BZZ... Beard... HISP... No, beard... GRR... He has a beard!... XWUUI... XWUUU... Yes, beard!



4.30p.m.



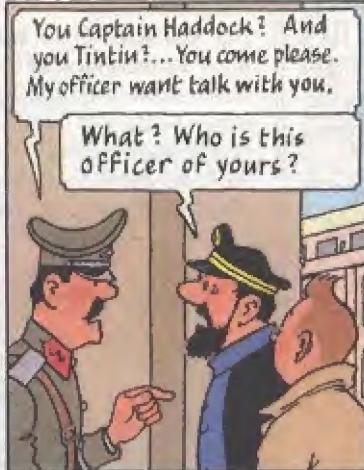
Hello! CRACK... Yes, I've got it... CRACK... FRR-RRT... By the whiskers of Kûrvi-Tasch, what a line!... Captain Haddock and Tintin: O.K., O.K. I'll warn the airport control at once... Amaïh!



Hello, airport police here... Amaïh Kûrvi-Tasch, sir! The plane from Geneva? It's just in... What?... What names?



That's a relief, I can tell you. I thought they might have had warning of our arrival.



A few minutes later...

Ah, Captain, this is a great privilege for us. We in Borduria salute you, hero of that glorious interplanetary flight. ... Amaïh!



And you too, Mänhir Tintin. I am proud to shake the hand which... er... first set foot on the Moon. I salute you. Amaïh!



The ancient traditions of Bodurian hospitality demand that we ensure your absolute comfort and safety.



As I was saying: your safety... Two interpreters will therefore accompany you during your stay here. They will take you wherever you may wish to go... and at whatever time.

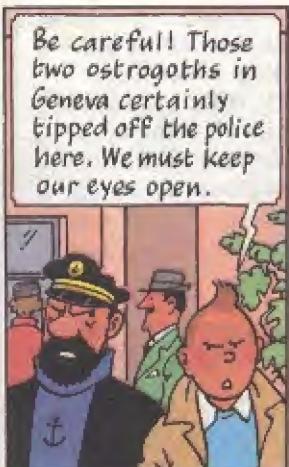


These gentlemen, Krönick and Klümsi, are entirely at your service... They will take you to the Hotel Szörr, where rooms are booked for you. I wish you a pleasant stay... Amaïh!



Ten minutes later, in Szokod...

... And this is Kürvi-Tasch Platz. Your hotel is just round the corner.



BIANCA CASTAFIORE !!!



Did you see? That was Signora Bianca Castafiore, the Milanese nightingale. She's singing at the Szohod Opera. If you wish, we will go to hear her one evening: she is sublime as Marguerite, in "Faust".

Oh yes...



Here are the keys. We will escort you to your rooms.



This is yours, Mähir Captain. I hope you will be comfortable.



Yours is a little further down: unfortunately there were no adjoining rooms.



Here you are, Mähir Tintin. We will come and fetch you for dinner, in an hour. If you need us before then, don't hesitate to ring: we're entirely at your service.

Thank you, gentlemen.



We're prisoners all right, Snowy, and no mistake about it. The fact that it's a gilded cage doesn't make any difference.



Hello?... Oh, it's you, Captain... What?



Blistering barnacles, I said that at the first opportunity we'll ditch those two coleoptera! That's agreed, isn't it?



I...er... Oh yes. You're referring to those two butterflies you caught by the lake, in Geneva. But those aren't coleoptera, Captain, they're lepidoptera.



What are you jabbering about? Lepidoptera? Lepidoptera to you, too! I... Hello?... Hello?



Crumbs! How can I make him understand that our telephone is bound to be tapped?



Hello?... Yes... Yes... We were cut off. I... er... Don't worry about the butterflies, Captain...



Let's talk about the simply wonderful hospitality of this exquisite country. What good taste! What tact! And then their... um... their courtesy. And above all their... how shall I put it? their friendliness. Friendliness which is entirely... er... friendly... Um...



You... But... What... Let... But... Look here... I... Blister... Thunder...



Ten thousand thundering typhoons!... Now I'm going to chuck you out of the window!



What?... No, blistering barnacles! It's that thundering bit of sticking plaster. It's following me about!



Well, good luck. I'll leave you to sort things out together. But don't forget, we go down to dinner in an hour.



An hour later...

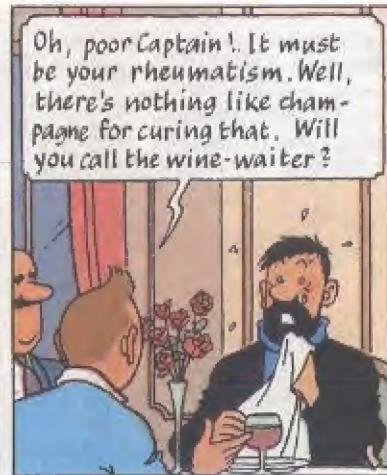


Captain, I propose we crack a bottle of champagne in honour of these gentlemen.

Champagne?! Champagne for this gang?...



Oh, poor Captain! It must be your rheumatism. Well, there's nothing like champagne for curing that. Will you call the wine-waiter?



Gentlemen, a toast to Borduria and her glorious ruler, Marshal Kürvi-Tasch!

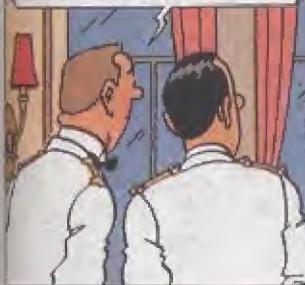
Amaïh Kürvi-Tasch!

Amaïh Kürvi-Tasch!

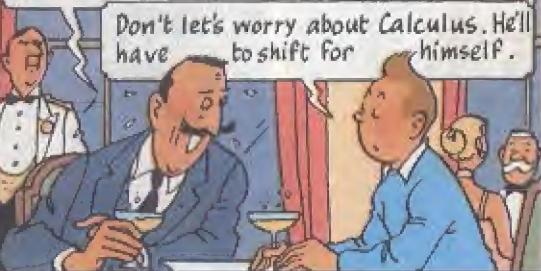


An hour later...

I say, they're having quite a party at table seven. That's their fourth bottle!



Ha! ha! I'm no fool!... You want to make us tight... To find out where... hic... Professor Calculus is... hic... But you won't learn a thing. We'll shut up like trams... No, like prams... like lambs... no, like clams.



That's right! Hic... Don't let's worry. Any-way... hic... I don't know anything. Honestly... It's Sponsz... hic... the Chief of the "ZEP"... our secret pol... hic... he's the only one who knows... And Calculus...

Good... good. Let's forget silly old Calculus. It's time for bed.



Will you take us right up to our rooms?

Hic...



I... hic... I'll stay in the corridor.

Fine... Good idea!



O.K. Mine's locked in your room.

And mine in yours.



THUMP THUMP

THUMP

THUMP

THUMP



Thundering typhoons! He'll rouse the whole hotel.

Wait, I'll open the door and we'll see...

THUMP

Hic... Not gone to bed yet?... I just wanted... hic... to give you your cap... Hic... Now, I'll stay in the... hic... corridor. I'll be... hic... very comfortable; they've put a bed there.

112 BANG

That's it!... Now then, let's go...

Crumbs! Get back, quick!



Get inside!
And hurry!

Disgustingly drunk... That's why
I telephoned the ZEP immediately.

You did well. All the
exits are guarded.

Whew! They've gone.

Did you hear?

Wait. Perhaps over here...

Saved! It's the fire-escape!

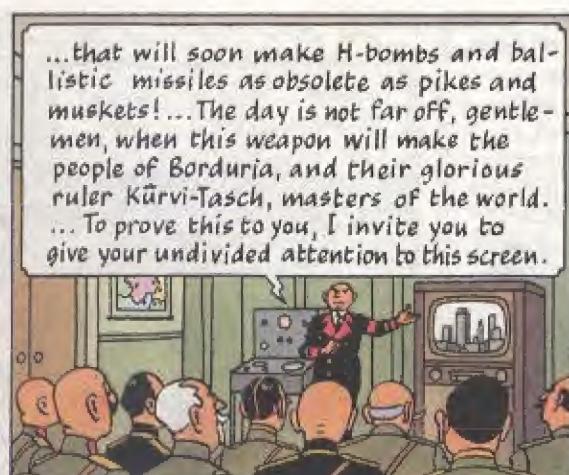
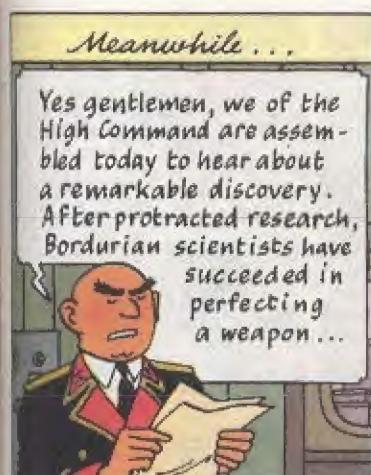
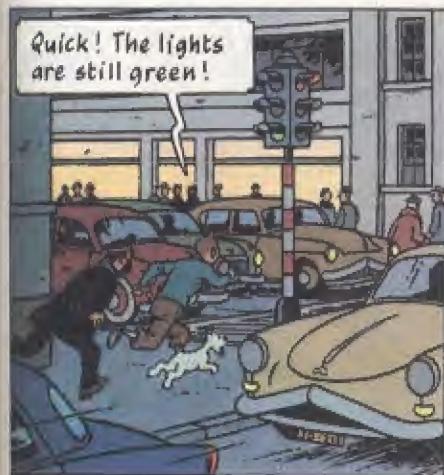
Blistering barnacles!
We're trapped!

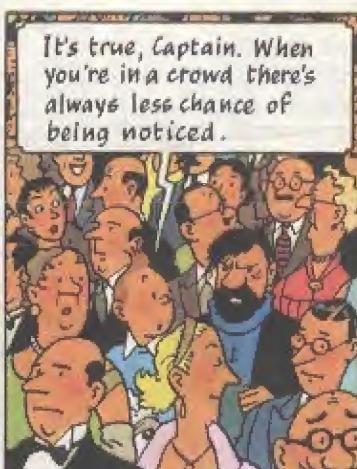
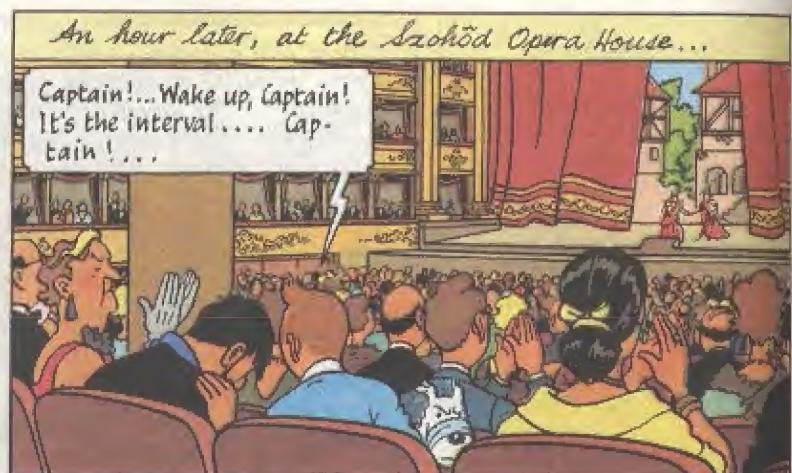
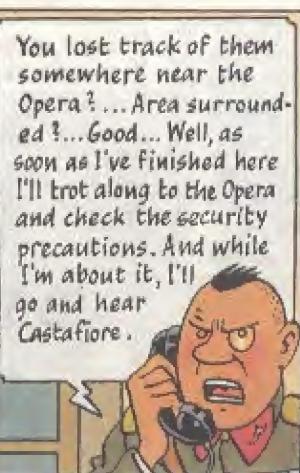
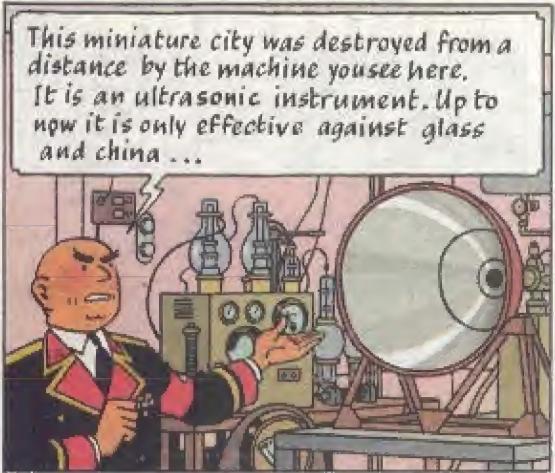
What'll we do?... Ah,
I think I've got an idea.

All right, Captain!... Ready?

HOTEL ZSNÖRR
ZSERWIZ

BANG





Just look, there's Colonel Sponsz, the Chief of Police.

So it is...
Colonel Sponsz!

Sponsz, here!... And Calculus's fate depends on that man! Little does he know that he and his two henchmen passed within a yard of us!

RRRRRRRRRING

It's the end of the interval. Shall we push off?...

I think it's better to wait till the end of the show. Then we can leave with the crowd.

An hour later...

It's hopeless!... The exits are stiff with policemen. Let's try to slip out through the stage door.



Why, look who's here!
It's Tintin!

Hello, my dear young friend. How delightful to see you here.

Aha, you little flatterer, so you've come to congratulate me, with this...this fisherman... Mr?...Mr?...

Er...Haddock...er...Haddock...Excuse me, Haddock.

Come into my dressing-room... Yes, yes... I can't leave my admirers in the passage... I've put on Marguerite's prettiest gown for you... Come along in.

You heard it?... Such a success, wasn't it?
... One of the greatest triumphs of my career... What applause... especially for the Jewel Song... They were in ecstasies, weren't they, Mr. Paddock?

Haddock, Madam!

RAT TAT TAT

Again? Ah,
they won't
leave me alone
for a moment!
... Oh well...
Come in!

Signora, it's Colonel Sponsz, the Chief of Police.
He wishes to pay his respects to you.

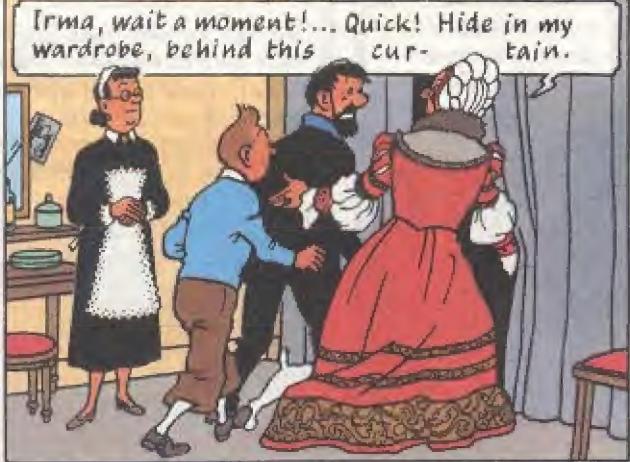
But of course! Show him in, girl...

Just a minute, Signora!... The Colonel... Listen, I'll explain everything later... but at all costs he mustn't find us here!

Dio!... What shall we do?

Irma, wait a moment!... Quick! Hide in my wardrobe, behind this curtain.

There... Show the Colonel in, Irmaa ♫ ...



I am deeply honoured, Ma'am to... to find myself in the presence of the celebrated singer who... er... who...

Fie, Colonel! You make me blush!

But do please sit down.

You are too kind...

Oh, forgive me!... I've sat on something... It's a naval officer's cap.

Blistering barnacles! My cap!



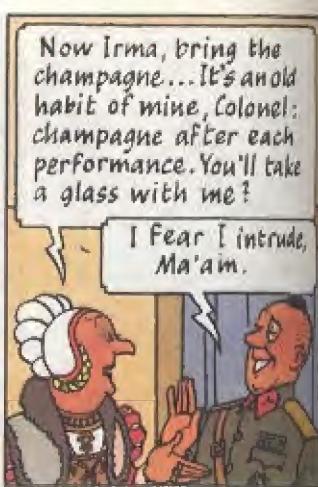
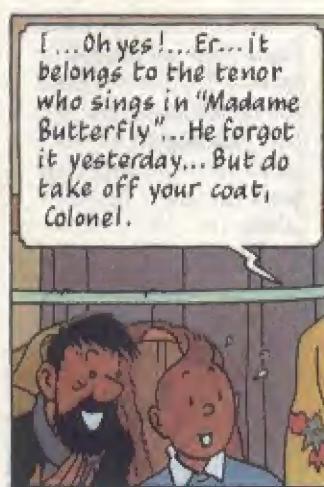
... Oh yes!... Er... it belongs to the tenor who sings in "Madame Butterfly"... He forgot it yesterday... But do take off your coat, Colonel.

With pleasure, Ma'am.

Take the Colonel's coat, please, Irmaa ♫ ...

Now Irma, bring the champagne... It's an old habit of mine, Colonel: champagne after each performance. You'll take a glass with me?

I fear I intrude, Ma'am.



Not at all, not at all. Come, Colonel, make yourself useful... You may open the bottle.

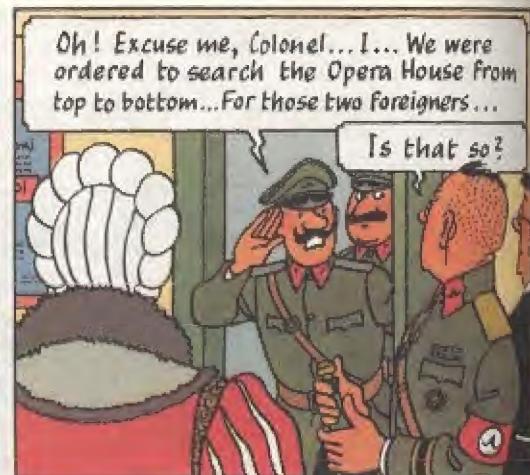
But of course, Ma'am. Your wish is my command.

RAT TAT TAT

Come in.

Oh! Excuse me, Colonel... I... We were ordered to search the Opera House from top to bottom... For those two foreigners...

Is that so?



I suppose you think you'll find them in here, you dunderheaded nitwits! Go on, get out! About turn, before I explode!



POP



Please excuse those num-skulls, Ma'am. They're hunting for two spies...

Oh, do tell me about them, Colonel, I adore spy-stories!... Your health, Colonel.

Spies! Us! Barefaced liar



Your health, Ma'am... Well, it's this way: our secret service have managed to... to "invite" to Borduria a foreign professor, originator of a sensational discovery. It concerns a secret weapon. Once this has been perfected, it will give us world supremacy.

Oh, but that's simply wonderful!



Yes, but the perfecting of it depends upon the professor. And up till now he refuses to give us his detail! drawings. His reason: he doesn't want his invention used for warlike purposes... I ask you!

These Professors! Always wanting the moon!



Ha! ha! You don't know how true that is! But just now he's on the earth! Between ourselves, he's in the fortress of Bakhine. And by the whiskers of Kürvi-Tasch, he'll stay there till he decides to give up the plans!

Oh, I'm sure he will in the end.



I hope so, for his sake! Anyway, I have a signed order for his release in my coat pocket. Tomorrow he'll have to choose: either he gives up his plans, or he'll never be heard of again.

And supposing he does give up his plans, Colonel. What happens when he gets home, and tells all?



Ha! ha! I've foreseen that. If we set the professor free, it will be in the presence of two representatives of the International Red Cross. He'll have to declare in front of them that he came to Borduria of his own free will, to offer us his plans... I have passes for these two representatives in my coat, too.

How clever of you, Colonel!... Brilliant!



Oh, just part of my job, Ma'am... But I am gossiping, and time passes... If I may dare to presume... My wife is giving a small party for some friends tonight... and it would give us much pleasure if you would agree to come, just as you are, and sing for us.

But of course... Irmaaa... The Colonel's coat please, and mine.



Next morning, at the fortress of Bakhine...



I see. Colonel Sponsz has sent you to take charge of the professor. Your papers look in order to me, and the order of release... However...



... Better safe than sorry. I'd better check that everything's all right. Will you excuse me?...

But... but of course!



Hello, ZEP?... This is the commandant at Bakhine, Major Kardouk. Would you put me through to Colonel Sponsz?



Hello?... What?... Oh, he's not in yet... Who is that?... His secretary?... In that case, perhaps you can help me...



Oh yes. Two representatives from the International Red Cross... Their passes? Quite all right, Major. I made them out myself. And the order for release? Yes, Major, that's quite all right too; the colonel signed it yesterday morning. Yes, Amaïh!



Well, gentlemen, everything's perfectly in order. I'll send for Professor Calculus.



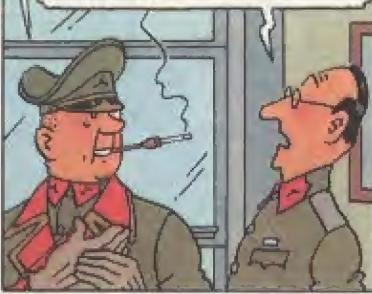
A moment later...

Ah! the joy... Popom-pom... pom-pom-pom-pom-pom!



Amaïh! Kavitch... What's the news?... Any trace of Calculus's friends?

Nothing at all, Colonel. Not a sign of them.



That's tiresome... Very tiresome. I wonder where those two artful dodgers managed to hide... Nothing else, besides that?

Nothing at all, sir.



Oh yes... Major Kardouk rang up.

Kardouk? That old bore! And what did he want this time?



He wanted to know if the order you signed releasing Professor Calculus was official.

By the whiskers of Kürvitash! When a document bears my signature, is it or is it not official?



Yes, Colonel. That's exactly what I told him, sir...



You... you did say the order releasing Professor Calculus?

Why... yes, Colonel...



The papers!... It's treason!... They've been stolen!

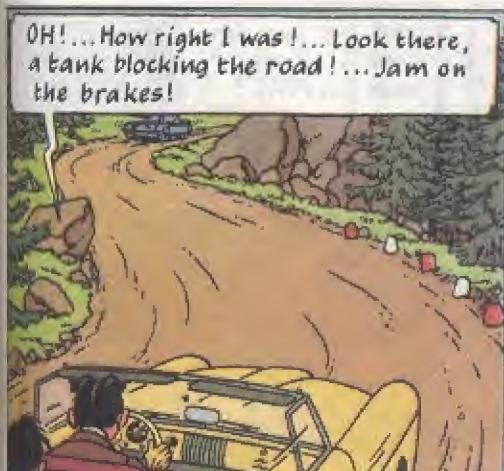
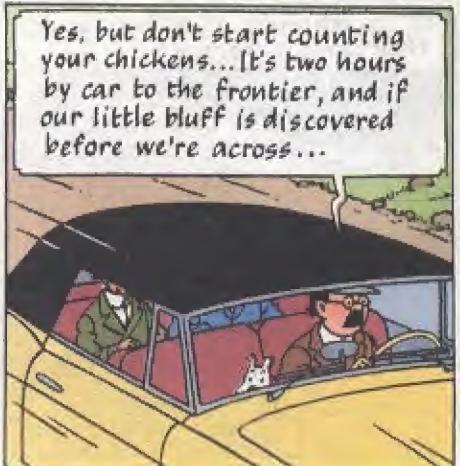


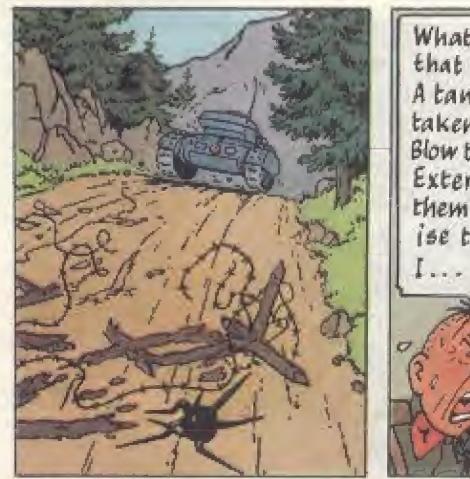
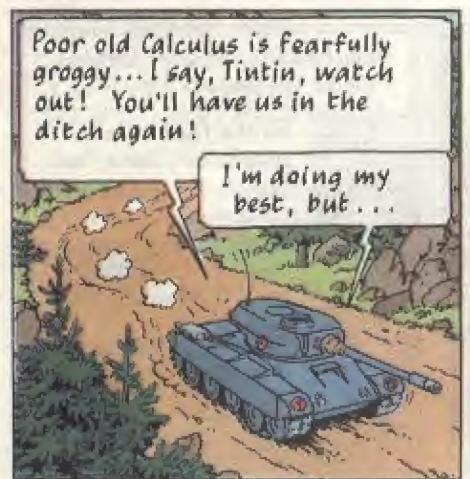
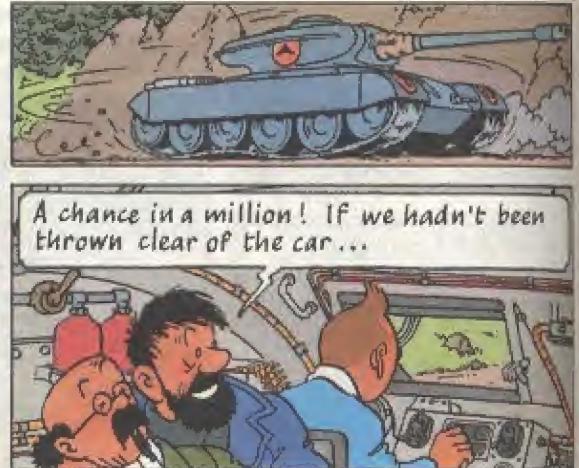
Hello!... Yes, it's me... Amaïh! Colo... What?... Professor Calcu... But sir, I...



WHAT?... Their car's just gone? By all the hairs in the whiskers of Kürvitash, if you don't get them back... I'll have you shot!









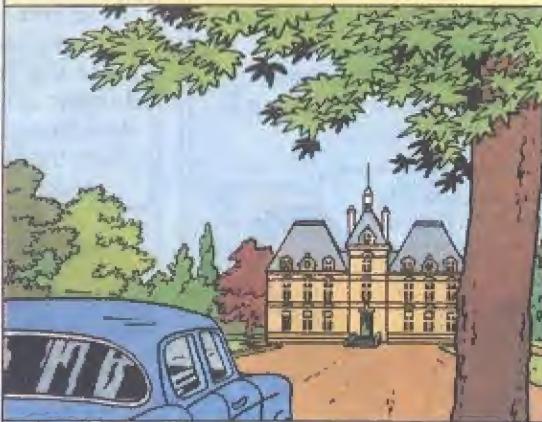


But I'm quite certain that I...
I can't believe it!

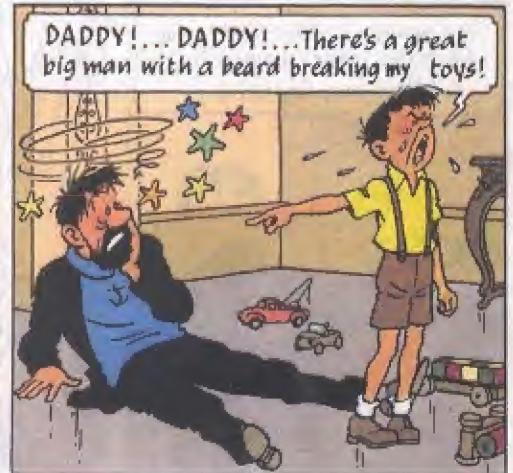
You believe what you like,
but I've had all I can take!
O.K. You've been rescued; but
your plans can look after
themselves. I want to go home
... to a little peace ... and quiet.



Two days later, at Marlinspike...



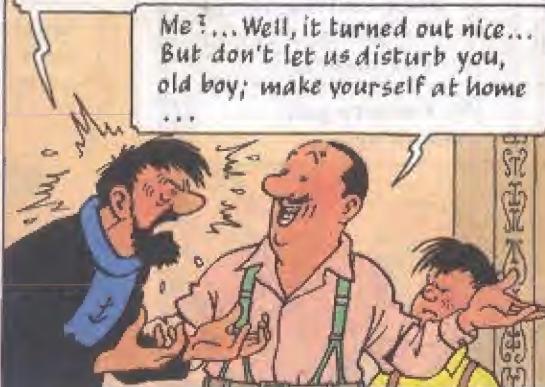
Ah, what a relief to be
home again!



Look who's here! The ancient marin-
er himself! You dropped in just right,
you old rascal: we were talking about you.



Billions of blue blistering barnacles! Wagg!
What d'you think you're playing at?



It turned out nice... So I
said: "Jolyon," I said, "don't
you waste the end of your
holiday." And your little
place was vacant, so I
popped in for a few days



... with my little broad.



HERE!... QUICKLY!

It's Calculus; he went
straight up to his
room.



The microfilms!... I've found the microfilms!... I'd left them on my bedside table! Imagine me being so absent-minded!



Good old Cuthbert!... Well, now you'll be happy. I presume that without the plans the Bordurians really are in the soup?



And the cream of the joke is, without these plans the Bordurians can't do a thing! They're finished!



Only it's not just the Bordurians. It's everyone who wants to use my invention for war-like ends. And I shall never allow that. There's only one thing to do: destroy them all.



We mustn't dilly dally: the sacrifice must be made. ... Allow me, Captain.



Billions of bilious blue blistering barnacles!

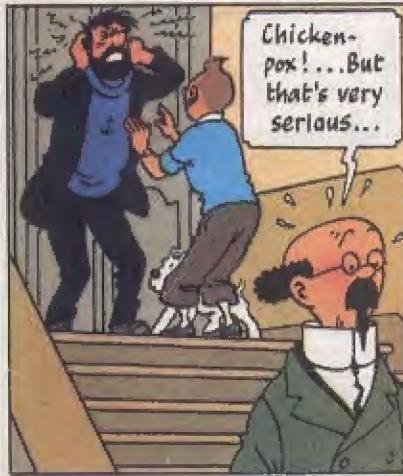
Oh! I'm so sorry! I didn't know... I thought...



Ten thousand thundering typhoons! My nerves won't stand much more of you. Every time I settle down, up pops trouble!... You flaming jack-in-a-box!

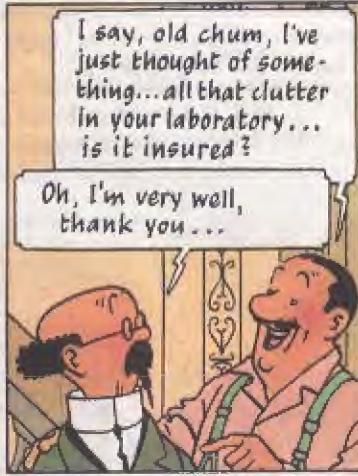


Chicken-pox!... But that's very serious...



I say, old chum, I've just thought of something... all that clutter in your laboratory... is it insured?

Oh, I'm very well, thank you...



...but I'm very worried about the Captain: he has chicken-pox!

Chicken-pox? Well, that's nice for him.



Chicken-pox! Ha! ha! ha! Better go and live in a hen-coop! Ha! ha! ha! Chicken-pox! Ha! ha! ha!



Chicken-pox!!! But... but... it's infectious, chicken-pox is!!!



THE END

THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN

THE CALCULUS AFFAIR

